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LITERATURE.

Life of Cardinal Manning, Archbishop of Westminster. By Edmund Sheridan Purcell. In 2 vols. (Macmillans.)

(Second Notice.)

THE body which Manning entered was slowly struggling out of a pitiful state. The English missions, as Wiseman found them, did not provide for anything like all the Roman Catholics in England; but they were nearly all in debt, and so deprecated new enterprises which might encroach upon their scanty funds. Mr. Purcell prints a tragical letter from Wiseman to Faber, from which it appears that all the religious orders domiciled in England got dispensations from their rule in all directions, while clinging to it so far as it dispensed from taking sole charge of a mission district. Nor was this the worst; it used to be said, "See how these Christians love one another." The strongest impression Mr. Purcell's second volume will make upon outsiders is, "See how these priests suspect each other." It is not an impression which the memoirs of either Ward or Faber make. Ward lived for dogma and orthodox metaphysics, and Faber for devotion. Each found the life of his hand. Manning was slowly drawn within the pale by the overmastering vision of the one Body sanctified by the one Spirit. Concrete experiences did not disturb his ideal. So far back as 1842 he had written, in a sermon on "The Probation of the Church," "We are apt to speak of the Church as if the original scheme of the Divine Mind were to realise at this present time something very different from what we see now." If the Anglican Church of the nineteenth century had had as clear and coherent a theory of itself as the Roman Church of the fifteenth, his faith would have survived practical shortcomings. He fished for souls and other things patiently, skillfully, upon the whole contentedly, in very muddy waters. He brought up a mitre and a cardinal's hat for himself; he brought up little for his friends though he fished for them too. For some three years after his conversion he divided his time between theological study at Rome (with sermons during the tourist season) and flying visits to England. For some three years more he preached and had a confessional at the Jesuits' church in Farm-street, till the Fathers found that literally and otherwise he was taking up too much room. Then he founded the Oblates of St. Charles at Bayswater, and took over a half-built church and fitted it up for worship. This gave him a position, though the order

has never flourished on the scale of the Brompton Oratory.

What was more important, Manning now got hold of Wiseman, who was by this time deep in hot water, and never got out. So far as can be gathered from Mr. Purcell's candid narrative, the situation was as follows. Everybody from Wiseman downwards was more or less excited by the idea that diocesan bishops must be independent compared with apostolic vicars. Wiseman, as Cardinal Archbishop, was more or less disposed to fancy himself invested with the plenitude of Papal power in England. There were all sorts of questions how the funds and institutions of the old vicariates were to be divided between the new sees. He was at loggerheads with his Chapter, though he was fond of Canon Searle—a rough and genial personage, who was suspected at Rome of bullying the other bishops, and by Manning of bullying Wiseman too. Wiseman was a bad man of business, though in many ways a good figurehead and something more. He thought he would like a coadjutor (with the right of succession); the coadjutor got on better than he did with the other bishops, and was in other ways too much for him. Manning, whom Pius IX. *proprio motu* appointed Provost of Westminster in 1857, complicated matters by getting Wiseman to put the seminary of the old London vicariate into the hands of the Oblates, without consulting Grant, the saintly Bishop of Southwark. Manning's theory of the whole business was, that opposition to Wiseman was opposition to the Pope, and that Errington, Wiseman's coadjutor, was at the head of a Gallican conspiracy to which the other bishops were parties more or less. If this convenient theory—which, no doubt, was held in good faith—had been well founded, the Propaganda would have decided for Wiseman and Manning all along the line: it decided almost everything against them. Wiseman had to divide the funds, to remove the Oblates (though when they were away the seminarists actually smoked and drank and barred out their superiors); he had to renounce all interference with Ushaw, the northern seminary. But Manning had one success: the Propaganda relieved Errington of his duties as coadjutor in 1860; in 1862 Pius IX. commanded him to renounce his canonical rights of succession. Manning then set himself to shut out the risk of a Gallican successor by getting a new coadjutor named, who was to have no duties, but a right of succession, and had arranged, subject to Wiseman's consent, for the appointment of Ullathorne. But, broken as he was, Wiseman had energy enough left to protest effectually against being saddled with an heir-apparent. It was a shabby business; but it left Pius IX. under the belief that Manning was the one trustworthy English prelate. Luckily for him, when Wiseman died the Chapter of Westminster had spirit enough to send up Errington's name with those of Clifford and Grant; and the Propaganda considered this an insult to the Pope, who was thereby emboldened to take the appointment into his own hands. Manning worked so far as he could for the appointment of Talbot, a

convert of 1845, the favourite chamberlain of the Pope, and a close confederate, though hardly a friend, of his own. The Pope appointed Manning, who was always at his best after a success, and made friends with everybody except Newman. There was one drawback. Pius insisted on his coming to Rome to receive his Pallium in September, in the heart of the dead season; as he was appointed in May and consecrated in June, there was a touch of malice in this. Manning and Talbot quite agreed about the *miserie umane* visible in Pius IX., but Manning always hoped that he was a saint *quand même*.

The story of Manning's relations with Newman is fully told, and is not pleasant reading for the admirers of either. From 1829 Manning had a dining acquaintance with Newman, which gradually improved up to 1841. In 1845 Manning assured Newman, on his secession, of his unaltered love, and shortly after assured Gladstone that "want of truth" was the common character of all 'verts. When he came back to England he found, or fancied, Newman tainted with Gallicanism. Wiseman himself had fallen a little under suspicion, and when he was directing Newman's theological reading he sent him to wrong authors. A paper of Newman's had been "delated" by a bishop to Rome, and though never censured was always remembered against him. The group of writers headed by Lord Acton would have liked Newman to lead them where they wished to go. Manning assumed that Newman was their leader, though he might have easily known that Newman only took the *Rambler* at the request of Wiseman, to keep the writers in order, which he soon found a task too hard. Manning had a perfect right to disapprove of the *Rambler* and its successors; perhaps to disapprove of Newman, who, instead of taking his inspiration from the reigning Pope, set himself to interpret and assimilate a long historical tradition which left questions open and did not exclude compromises. Newman's own theory of open questions was that Roman Catholics should keep silence on both sides; Manning's was that his own side might speak out, and the other must not reply. Manning had got the Propaganda to sanction his theory that Roman Catholics ought to avoid Oxford and Cambridge: a view which his successor, the closest of his friends after Robert Wilberforce, promptly dropped, with the full approval of Rome. Some of the bishops, including Ullathorne, did not share this view, and would have been glad if it could have been defeated, as it would have been if Newman had founded an Oxford oratory. He bought land and half disavowed his intention of founding an oratory, just as he went to Littlemore and disavowed the intention of founding a monastery. He justly observed to Oakeley that Manning was personally responsible for the decree about the Universities, but not necessarily for its effect upon the scheme of an Oxford oratory. When Manning, who was conciliating everybody, went out of his way to conciliate him, he declined to meet him until he had received a practical proof of goodwill, and suggested that Manning

should get the decision about the Oxford oratory rescinded at Rome. Manning, when convinced that his complaints about the *Rambler* were unfounded so far as Newman was concerned, would not apologise. When Newman promised to say seven masses for him he promised to say twelve for Newman, who shortly after closed the correspondence by a statement that when communicating with Manning "he did not know whether he stood on his head or his heels." Manning was certainly less than just to Newman. He noted at the time "that Oakeley and another member of the Westminster Chapter were perfectly silly" over the *Apologia*; but, though he thought Newman was in a bad set and took a bad line, and kept the notion alive at Rome, he actually did far less against him than against others, including Grant. He may have had grounds for his opinion that, if the second half of Newman's life was less successful and fruitful than the first, some of the reasons lay in himself. He drew away from Wiseman as well as from Manning, from Faber as well as from Ward. Wiseman set him at Birmingham, and when he called him to London he refused to follow. He threatened to withdraw from the *Academia* which Manning had founded, if Wiseman, the president, did anything to commit it to the Temporal Power. There was probably a grain of truth in the legend of Achilles in his tent, but the greatest grievance was nobody's fault. Newman had lost his old public, and could not find another. At last, as they could not give him back St. Mary's, they gave him a cardinal's hat. Here Manning played a curious part. He wrote a very prompt and gracious letter in support of the request of the Duke of Norfolk and the Marquis of Ripon; he sent it by a Roman prelate, who arrived long after the English nobles had had their audience and run the risk of compromising themselves and Newman by the appearance of putting lay pressure on the Pope. When the offer arrived, and Newman shyly and respectfully hinted that he was too old to leave the Oratory, Manning, who had seen his letter, set a statement afloat that he had declined the hat. When Newman's long old age, which Manning interpreted as a Divine favour, ended, he spoke at the Oratory with unfeigned emotion of his brother and friend of more than sixty years. Probably there had never been a time when Manning had regarded Newman without some measure of admiration, and even some measure of special goodwill. He was liable to fits of hot temper, his family liked to talk of his Berserkir rages; but he was generally calm, always placable and forgetful* as well as forgiving. Without being false or shallow, his affections were singularly tractable, they could thrive without food or exercise; he could take them out at proper times to look at, and be sure of finding them warm and bright, and shut them up again without visible pain if

* When Gladstone renewed his intercourse with Manning early in the sixties, Manning told him he was doing the work of Antichrist in promoting Italian unity: he had quite forgotten this in 1874, when *Vaticanism* was the first cloud on their renewed friendship.

he felt called to press a principle at the cost of a friend. He was a loving brother, and used to write to his brothers and sisters on the blessings of family affection; but upon his conversion he wrote offering to keep out of the way. After his conversion he met Bishop Oxenden, his old school-fellow, once, and convinced him that his affection had lasted. In his latter years he was fond of contrasting himself as a man of action with Newman as a student and recluse. He became aware by degrees of his own lack of speculative depth; he is said to have looked like a martyr on the rack at the meetings of the Metaphysical Society, where Ward enjoyed himself and shone. His own papers fell very flat: then he remembered that he was a man of action. He forgot that St. Augustine (to say nothing of St. Athanasius) was a more voluminous and a more influential author than Newman, a busier ecclesiastic than Manning: he had a shorter time for work than either, but he was a very great saint.

Manning's one great act was the part which he played at the Vatican Council. In any sense in which any statesman ever carries a measure, he carried the definition of the Infallibility of the Pope. It was a barren victory: all that has come of it yet is that Leo XIII. has found it easier to paralyse the Catholic vote in France. The chapter on the Council is one of the dullest in the book. Manning saw nothing behind the opposition but Döllinger and his allies. He gave Darboy credit for believing the doctrine, though his arguments against the opportuneness of the definition told against the truth of the doctrine defined; he knew something of a suggested compromise in which, apparently, Cardinal Bilio was mixed up, not exactly to his credit; but Mr. Purcell was not allowed to tell the story. On the other hand, we have a number of notes (only dated by days of the week) from Odo Russell, the only diplomatist who thought the definition either feasible or desirable, whose influence with Lord Clarendon kept the English Cabinet from protesting in advance against the definition, on the invitation of Bavaria. Later on he compromised his reputation for prescience, by declaring that the Pope ought to leave Rome when the Italians came, or that the Conclave ought to leave it when the Pope died. The Conclave was Manning's last approach to an ecclesiastical success. The College of Cardinals had defeated the first attempt of Pius to nominate him; and Pius himself was reported to have poked fun at *Antonelli il secondo* when Manning had lectured him on the importance of grasping the situation, which meant finding a substitute for the Temporal Power and a good excuse for giving it up.* But he was still important enough to be admitted to the caucus which met at Bartolini's to agree on the election of Pecci, and discuss possible substitutes. They passed round complimentary nominations among themselves, probably meant to be declined; and Bilio, who declined on the grounds among other things of weakness of

* Even when he believed in the Temporal Power, Manning disliked De Merodé's schemes for fighting for it with the Pope's own troops.

character, thought a foreign Pope was wanted, and that Manning was the man, especially as he was so thoroughly Romanised. Manning wisely replied that an Italian was wanted who knew and loved Italy, and whom Italians knew and loved.

We learn less than we could wish of Manning's methods as a propagandist. Mme. Belloc bears out his own hints that he trusted mainly to the force of truth—or definite and impressive statement. Mr. Purcell gives some curious letters to Lady Herbert just after her conversion. In one he congratulates her on her submission to her children being brought up Protestants; in another he decides that she may read family prayers as before, but if a Protestant clergyman reads she must not join, though she may act as organist; she may also take her children to church, but only as their guardian—and in case of necessity. We hear more than enough of Monsignor Capel and the abortive University College at Kensington, and after all learn only half Manning's side of the case. In one thing he blamed Capel unfairly. If a quasi-university was to be started, it was only reasonable to engage the best professors available at decent salaries. Apparently Manning expected professors to lecture on the chance of fees if students came. He built and paid for a seminary as costly as the bankrupt college; but he failed to fill it. The fiasco, as Mr. Purcell calls it, was the outcome of one of Manning's few persistent policies: he was always in favour of the secular clergy as against the regular.* He attested and clearly shared the belief of Pius IX. that the suppression of the religious orders in Italy was a blessing in disguise. He was indignant that they should think themselves unequal to directing nuns or to deciding on "vocations." He stuck to his opinion that they ought to be called "pastoral" not "secular," in spite of a decision of Rome. As Archbishop he treated the Jesuits, who helped him so much when he came first to London, with uniform severity. He set down their society as one of the obstacles to the conversion of England in a list which he drew up about 1890. As some who might be personally wounded are alive, his reasons, which occupy five or six pages, are withheld. He was blind to the great obstacle of all. Most Englishmen who want a religion want one that will fit in with the rest of their life; they want to be consoled; they are willing to be improved: they do not really wish to be renewed or converted. On the other hand, Manning was most large-hearted in his judgment on outsiders: he liked to dwell on the number of converts who had preserved the innocence of their Anglican baptism. He told one convert who had lost her father that his justice to her at and after her conversion was a proof of saving faith and charity.

* Mr. Tollemache (*Benjamin Jowett: a Personal Memoir*, p. 27, note) quotes a Catholic priest who wrote to him after reading what Jowett said on the impossibility of preaching eternal punishment: "Did I ever tell you of a saying of Cardinal Manning on the hell question? A friend suggesting that it was a place of eternal torment eternally untenanted, he answered, 'If one did not hope that it was so who could endure life?'"

There are some pleasant pages about houses where Manning sometimes lounged on a sofa and told stories against himself. One was about a sculptor, who was doing a bust of him and talking phrenology. Manning asked where "conscientiousness" was; the sculptor stalked across the room, laid a finger on his sitter's head, "That is where it ought to be." As a boy Manning had been a dandy; he was a dapper arch-deacon; as a cardinal he was shabby: indoors he wore a ragged cassock, on state occasions his berretta was apt to be soiled, and his scarlet robe to be faded. In two things he never mortified himself: he kept up hot fires and took his own way. He had a lonely and a sad old age. He was too self-centred to make many intimate friends: the last, Bishop Vaughan of Salford, was far away and often disagreed. He had withdrawn from society—even "Catholic" society, the last to welcome a prelate who was not its leader but its pitiless master—"to devote himself to his priests," who never ventured to come near him unless on pressing business. Sometimes he held perfunctory receptions. If he heard pious or frivolous complaints of them, he cited them to answer the next Monday; and he did not like them to defend themselves, though he was so careful not to have his own good evil spoken of by posterity. He fancied that the reason the London Irish "lapsed" was that they drank; and so he founded the League of the Cross, and the Cardinal's "guards" gave the Cardinal's blessing at meetings in the presence of priests, and the Cardinal congratulated himself that priests who, without being abstainers themselves, presided over branches of a total abstinence league would be afraid to drink to excess. The only result of his other philanthropic enterprises was that he inherited the kind of popularity which Lord Shaftesbury, who had possessed it longer, despised. He was heartily applauded by people who would not do anything for him, least of all go to mass, though they defiled in unexampled numbers past his coffin, and made his funeral even more impressive than Wiseman's, which had been the most impressive since Wellington's. He had not even Lord Shaftesbury's consolation of having conferred solid temporal benefits; his one achievement was, when the new scale of wages at the Docks had been settled and a menacing dispute lingered whether it should come into force in October or January, to get November accepted as a compromise. In his early prime, when he lived with the best, he reproached himself with castle-building; in his old age, when he only saw nobodies, he brooded over addled schemes, and fancied he was laying foundations for eternity.

Possibly, as Cardinal Vaughan affirms in the current number of the *Nineteenth Century*, a better inspired artist might have drawn a brighter picture, but the gloomy background which looms so large in Mr. Purcell's portrait was surely there. One of Manning's occupations was to compare himself with his contemporaries. He criticised Samuel Wilberforce and Gladstone shrewdly enough, and noted their compromises with the *Zeitgeist* and their

own ambition. He made fewer compromises himself, though, as Denison and Forster noted at two decisive stages of the Education Question, he preferred to evade a contest—where victory was not hopeless. If, as he believed, he was the most upright of the three, he might have said with the Psalmist, "Surely I have cleansed my heart in vain." Mr. Gladstone, after long enjoyment of all "that should accompany old age," has drawn apart, as Browning recommends, "to gather up to the very last the fragments of life's earlier feast," and the fragments would be a rich meal for many. Wilberforce, like Manning, was well gifted for the things of the world and the things of the spirit; and of the two he adjusted them more genially and happily, though neither, it may be, attained to single-minded perfection.

G. A. SIMCOX.

Frances Trollope: Her Life and Literary Work, from George III. to Victoria. By her Daughter-in-law, Frances Eleanor Trollope. (Bentley.)

FRANCES TROLLOPE is now a forgotten novelist to many, for the reading public is every whit as whimsical and as changeable as the public in general. It is, indeed, a question often mooted, whether the rapid movement of thought in these days is not tending towards the gradual obliteration of the three-volume novel. But, from the period of the Reform Act until very recently, the big book was not generally considered a great evil.

The record of Frances Trollope as a writer of fiction, which is in all respects most interesting, is unique in this: that at a time of life when the energies of most persons are on the wane, or are at least so curbed and quieted by household cares and troubles as to render any great change of pursuits and aims all but impossible—in short, at the age of fifty this remarkable woman first entered upon her long and successful literary career. These facts alone are ground for wonder and admiration, and such feelings are intensified when we learn the distressing circumstances under which the novelist prosecuted her almost unending work.

Health and sanity are the two predominant elements in the character of this writer. Without these no amount of learning, imagination, taste or skill would have enabled her at an advanced age to undergo such severe and continuous labour, as, for example, the production of six volumes in one year.

We are not here told anything of her childhood, or how she was educated; but it is evident that the forces of her mind could not have been dulled and weakened by a too formal education in her youth. Hers were not the days of systems, of cramming, and of primers. Her education was doubtless largely derived from intercourse with her father, the Rev. William Milton, who, if we may judge from his letters, was a man of considerable culture and refined literary taste. She wandered untrammelled through the devious ways of

knowledge, instead of being led blindly along a "Royal Road."

But while we admire and wonder at the late beginning, and long even tenor of Frances Trollope's literary way, we cannot help suspecting at the same time that, perhaps, in the mute, unglorious morning of her life something may have been left unwritten which might have earned for her a fame more enduring than even those romances which created as great a transitory interest, in their own day, as—shall we say?—*The Heavenly Twins* or *The Sorrows of Satan*. But all this is only the idlest speculation.

The book begins, we may say, with the courtship of Frances Milton, by her "sincere admirer and most devoted servant, Thomas Anthony Trollope." A strange courtship, certainly, and an illustration, if illustration were wanted, of the maxim that truth is stranger than fiction. The biographer finds, or fancies she can find, "some subterranean fire beneath the iron-bound crust with which the wooer has chosen to cover it" in a written proposal of marriage, of which I shall here quote a sentence or two. To find anything approaching to warmth in the letter seems to me like an attempt to derive physical heat from the flame of a candle upon a winter's day.

After a long preamble upon the relative advantages and disadvantages of oral and of written declarations, and after a detailed statement of his pecuniary position, Mr. Trollope thus writes:

"I trust, my dear madam, you will not think me presumptuous, or imagine that I have been premature in stating these particulars; for surely if they are worthy of our consideration at any time, it must be more candid to enter into them in the first instance (although the vulgar prejudice of an unthinking mind might lead to a different conclusion) than to be obliged to have recourse to them at a subsequent period. Indeed, I feel no apprehension that my motives will be liable to have an unfavourable construction put upon them by one whose—but let me avoid compliments, which were always my detestation—fit tools only for knaves, and to be employed against fools."

The concluding sentence is still less suggestive of smouldering fires:

"In doing this in the most simple manner, and in rejecting the flippant nonsense which I believe to be commonly used on occasions of this nature, I doubt not I have acted as well in conformity with your sentiments as those of," &c.

Compared with this effusion the celebrated love-letter of Casaubon really does seem almost light and flippant—the two epistles have in general a remarkable resemblance. We are again reminded of *Middlemarch* by Miss Milton's reply, commencing:

"It does not require three weeks' consideration, Mr. Trollope, to enable me to tell you that the letter you left with me last night was most flattering and gratifying to me. I value your good opinion too highly not to feel that the generous proof you have given me of it must for ever, and in any event, be remembered by me with pride and gratitude."

There was much sadness in Mrs. Trollope's married life. Failure seemed to dog the footsteps of her husband all his days. At one time a barrister in fair practice, all his business gradually slipped away. The pinch

of poverty was felt in the household; old shoes and trousers had to be patched and mended, because there was no money to buy new ones. Affairs were made worse rather than better by a trip to America, where a mercantile speculation, intended to retrieve their fortunes, ended in complete failure.

But trials more bitter even than these had to be borne: terrible family dissensions between Mr. Trollope and his son Henry; scenes where the mother was called in to mediate between them, and became herself so shaken and agitated as to be obliged sometimes to have recourse to a dose of laudanum to procure a night's rest. The deplorable irritability of temper, amounting almost to insanity, which Mr. Trollope suffered from in latter years has been described by his son, T. A. Trollope, in a work entitled *What I Remember*, and is there attributed partly to the habitual use of calomel.

Frances Trollope brought with her from the United States two volumes of *American Notes*, which were published in 1832. Her husband also conceived the idea of writing a book, the title of which is very suggestive of "the key to all the mythologies," it was

"An Encyclopædia Ecclesiastica, or a complete history of the Church, containing a full and compendious explanation of all ecclesiastical rites and ceremonies; a distinct and accurate account of all denominations of Christians, from the earliest ages to the present time, together with a definition of terms usually occurring in ecclesiastical writers."

The unlucky author died before the completion of the work, of which one volume alone was published by John Murray in 1832.

For some time before the death of her husband Frances Trollope had been the bread-winner of the family. Although a lover of literature, she worked not so much for name and fame as that her children might have bread. How she could accomplish the writing of a novel amid the most distracting cares is a marvel to weaker mortals. But the history of literature contains many similar instances. One of her novels, *Tremordyn Cliff*, was written, we may almost say, by the bedside of a dying son. She could not abate her work because money was urgently needed. The following extract from a letter is most pathetic:

"I wait to hear from you that something near £100 is due from Mr. Murray, and when I know this, I will write to him stating the simple fact, and asking his permission to draw for that sum. . . . Learn if possible how the sale goes on. It is dreadful to think that dear Henry's life may depend on it!"

What an iron frame this woman must have had; what an indomitable will, and, better than all, what a tender and loving heart; her sympathies extend even beyond her own children, for we find her gentle care and solicitude bestowed upon others also.

Her daughter-in-law, Mrs. Anthony Trollope, bears testimony to this, writing in 1844, shortly after her marriage:

"Nothing could have been kinder or more affectionate than the way she received me—kind, good, loving, then and ever afterwards. No one who saw her at this date could suppose

that she was in her sixty-fourth year, so full was she of energy. There was no one so eager to suggest, and to carry out the suggestions, as to mountain excursions, picnics, and so forth. And she was always the life and soul of the party, with her cheerful conversation and her wit. She rose very early, and made her own tea, the fire having been prepared over night (on one occasion I remember her bringing me a cup of tea to my room, because she thought I had caught cold during a wet walk in the mountains), then sat at her writing-table until the allotted task of so many pages was completed, and was usually on the lawn before the breakfast-bell rang, having filled her basket with cuttings from the rose-bushes for the table and drawing-room decorations."

She lived to see many marked changes in the social life of her country. She had watched the development of railways, the sure encroachment of machinery over hand-labour. A new England had grown up before her eyes. In a novel called *Town and Country*, she graphically describes rural England at the commencement of this century:

"Those who have lived long enough to remember what the manners of the middle-classes were in the more remote counties, before the invention of steam-boats and railroads had caused them to be jumbled altogether till every trace of rural freshness was rubbed off, might fix upon less interesting periods for the employment of a gossiping pen."

Πάρα πόλ! one may well exclaim upon reading these lines, for now the mighty force of steam, then so new and so strange, has been all but superseded by a power mightier, more mysterious. What greater marvels are yet in store for us, who can tell? But through all change the human heart remains the same eternal mystery, from age to age. It is as a human record that this work is the most valuable; for this biography, like all biographies that are truthfully and faithfully drawn, enables the reader to look out upon the external world, as it were, through a mind other than his own. Here we have the record of a mind strong, patient, loving, earnest; thorough in its love and hatred; never lukewarm, but full of humanising prejudices; never fearing to uphold the right or to declaim against wrong.

Frances Trollope never possessed sufficient leisure for the production of perfect work, and so, perhaps, cannot be classed among our great writers. She was something, however, more admirable, more worthy of love and praise—she was, in the highest sense, a good woman.

GEORGE NEWCOMEN.

TWO BOOKS ON EDUCATION.

Introduction to the Pedagogy of Herbart. By Chr. Ufer. Authorised Translation from the Fifth German Edition, under the auspices of the Herbart Club. By J. C. Zinsner. Edited by Charles de Garmo, Ph.D. (Isbister.)

The Educational Ideal: An Outline of its Growth in Modern Times. By James P. Munro. (Isbister.)

THE first of these books may be described as almost a classical introduction to an educational classic. The examples to illus-

trate Herbart's positions are chiefly German. Mr. and Mrs. Felkin, to whose Introduction to Herbart I drew attention in the ACADEMY of October 12, 1895, supplied their copious examples chiefly from English sources. For students of Herbart it will not be superfluous to suggest that they should read both Ufer's German Introduction, now translated, and Felkins' English Introduction; they are both valuable and lightgiving. The study of the pedagogy of Herbart is sufficiently difficult to require that all real helps should be enlisted in the service of the beginner. The only remark to be made is, that Herbart as an educational writer is worth taking trouble over, and that we are thankful for Mr. and Mrs. Felkin's book, for Zinsner's translation of Ufer, and also for the book of Ufer's editor, Dr. de Garmo, whose *Herbart and the Herbartians* gives a lucid account of the continuators of Herbart's work in Germany.

It cannot be repeated too often that the position of Herbart among educational writers is extremely high. I ventured to suggest, when the translation of Herbart's *Science of Education* first appeared in England, that to equal his magnificence of conception of the idea of education we must, historically, go back to the famous Tractate of John Milton. They are, it is true, very different. Milton's Tractate is on the literary side as far superior to Herbart as it is pedagogically inferior. And most people's sympathies are with literature rather than pedagogy.

But what is to be said of a book which professes to trace the educational ideal in modern times, and omits to treat prominently both Milton and Herbart? Chapters in Mr. Munro's book are devoted to Rabelais, Francis Bacon, Comenius, Montaigne and Locke, the Jansenists, and Fénelon, Rousseau, Pestalozzi, Froebel, and "Women in Education"; but no chapter to Milton, no chapter to Herbart. Milton is indeed spoken of in the chapter on Rabelais, but he is relegated to a note. As to Herbart, Mr. Munro says:

"Herbart . . . I have neglected only because he is of that body of German philosophers which it has been necessary to exclude from the plan of this outline, founds his pedagogics upon a broad and serious philosophy in contrast with which Froebel's psychological fancies seem childish indeed."

And yet of the movement connected with Froebel Mr. Munro says:

"By it the last serf of civilisation, the child, is being made free, and is taking his place in the scheme of the universe as a great, if not the greatest, factor of human progress. By it and through him man and woman are learning the true significance of life . . ." &c.

This does not seem to leave much room for Herbart's "broad and serious philosophy," beside which "Froebel's psychological fancies seem childish indeed." At any rate, it increases the curiosity for a presentment of Herbart, even if it should lead the writer to the "body of German philosophers" excluded from the work. For, be it noted, though Mr. Munro excludes this important topic from his plan, he does not indicate this on his title-page. There he offers "the educational ideal: an outline of its

growth in modern times." After which it is hardly in keeping to exclude "broad and serious philosophy" in favour of what he calls (comparatively) "psychological fancies . . . which are childish indeed."

This, then, is a criticism to which Mr. Munro's book is liable. In tracing "the educational ideal" he omits special treatment of two of the most prominent of the personal factors in its development. He may, for reasons of his own, be justified in this, but he necessarily loses in historical perspective by so doing.

Then, again, his chapter on "Women in Education" seems to be erroneously entitled. For Mr. Munro means by the term women writers on education. In previous chapters he has taken men educators. He evidently thinks he ought now, from a sense of fairness, to give a turn to women. But the truth is, that in tracing the educational ideal, the distinction of sex vanishes as completely as that of nationality. However, Mr. Munro draws the line of boundary against philosophical educationists, whilst he includes women-educationists as a class. He distinguishes "women in education" as the promoters of the idea that "education leads to and from the family; the home is its unit." Yet Mr. Munro would himself admit that it is Friedrich Froebel who appealed to all fathers and mothers: "Come let us live with our children," and therefore supplied the very ideal assigned by Mr. Munro to women. If we took women's education as a subject of special study, historically, we should have to recall that Vivès, Roger Ascham, Mulcaster, John Amos Comenius, John Dury, Fénelon—to mention only well-known names—were conspicuous advocates of the higher education of women. In our own days, when women's education has made such bounds, it would be absurd to say that it has been a women's movement only. It is truer to facts to say that it has been an educational movement. All thinkers on education, men or women, help to form the educational ideal, not as men or women, but in so far as they are sound thinkers. There is not an article which can be labelled men's education and another women's education, the one supplied by one firm and the other by the other, the two firms having no connexion with each other.

I may seem to be caricaturing Mr. Munro. I by no means wish to suggest that he puts the case in so broad a form as I am doing. But I strongly feel that to make a special chapter for women educators inevitably leads to a wrong conception of education as a whole. To do so in a work devoted to tracing the development of the educational ideal is illogical and misleading. It needs an emphatic protest.

The omission of philosophers and psychologists of this century in stating the educational ideal and the treatment of women as an educational class, I look upon as cardinal defects. But I should be sorry to leave the impression that Mr. Munro's book is without merits. He gives interesting and stimulating accounts of the above-named "heroes" as types and leaders in educational progress. He compares and contrasts educationists often skilfully and

suggestively. He tries, and usually with marked success, to get at the essential nature of the contribution of each reformer to educational progress. Lastly, he supplies a bibliography in connexion with each chapter.

FOSTER WATSON.

NEW NOVELS.

Comedies of Courtship. By Anthony Hope. (Innes.)

The Brown Ambassador. By Mrs. Hugh Fraser. (Macmillans.)

Pinches of Salt. By F. M. Allen. (Downey.)

The Paying Guest. By George Gissing. (Cassells.)

Pierrot. By H. de Vere Stackpoole. (John Lane.)

The Ordeal of Thomas Tagfler. By Henry Murray. (Ward & Downey.)

Monte Carlo Stories. By Joan Barrett. (Chatto & Windus.)

A Trial and its Issue. By W. Charles. (Fisher Unwin.)

A Monk of Fife. By Andrew Lang. (Longmans.)

PUBLISHERS a few years ago must have been very stupid, or else Anthony Hope composes with amazing rapidity. Every month seems to bring us a new story by this brilliant young novelist. In these circumstances it is, of course, discreet and kindly of the envious critic to caution an author against careless writing and rapid publication. Any number of worthy and stereotyped warning phrases cry aloud for quotation. A reluctant honesty, however, condemns one to acknowledge that, be these stories recently evolved or old ones rescued from the drawers of the writing-table, they are uncommonly good. Indeed, since the *Dolly Dialogues*, that tantalising and wholly delightful little masterpiece, their creator has invented nothing so admirable as his *Courtship Comedies*. Anthony Hope is invariably at his best in these wise and witty trifles, so easy to read, so hard to forget, requiring such certainty and cunning of touch. His more ambitious works—always excellent and ingenious, it is true—are not without fatal errors in construction. *The Prisoner of Zenda* hardly convinces; even the powerful *God in the Car* is at times a sleep-provoking deity; but *Mr. Witt's Widow* is always brilliant company. *Comedies of Courtship* are as witty, naughty, and fascinating as that adorable little lady. Here is a great compliment, which their heroines—Miss Travers, Dora Bellairs, and Miss Glyn—will fully appreciate.

Mrs. Fraser has nearly succeeded in writing a thoroughly fascinating book. But she has not quite succeeded. Mrs. Melodrama is a dear old soul whom we all love and respect, but sometimes she does not "mix" well with the company. A horrible blunder was committed when she was invited to the *Brown Ambassador's* party. The lunatic lady, the vengeful old aunt, the wicked butler, have no qualities to recommend them, even their badness is uninteresting and traditional. They are

distinctly in the way and waste valuable time. As for the lost will, it is too old a nuisance to be tolerated. Putting these defects on one side, *The Brown Ambassador* is a book of unique charm. There is poetic and grotesque fancy in the history of the journey of the sick King of the Dachs-hounds, high comedy in the interviews between Her Serene Highness the Cat Princess and His Excellency; above all, sympathetic and admirably penetrating knowledge of children, so that the scenes in which Fenella, Conny, and Donald take the lead are better and wiser than merely diverting. As for the *Ambassador* himself, he is a conceited, crafty, rather unscrupulous, delightful old humbug, who at the end deserves and attains the grand order of the Dog-Star. May he wear it many a year! Mrs. Fraser must stick to her fancies and her children: portraying them she is an accomplished mistress of a rare and beautiful talent. But she must beware of melodrama, for in that kind she is a clumsy craftsman.

They who like F. M. Allen's humour have no cause to sneeze at *Pinches of Salt*. The book is amusing enough, though some of the stories are rather laboured. Still, there are plenty of spontaneous jests to contrast with their more ponderous cousins. In "Silver Sand" a pathetic note is sounded with considerable skill. On the whole, this collection is as good as anything its author has yet done.

Mr. Gissing's new story will surprise many of his admirers; I trust it will not alienate them. It is very short, and very amusing. As a rule, his novels are lengthy and lugubrious, the reader not objecting to these sombre qualities because of the gripping power and notable sincerity evident on every page. Strength and truth are again apparent; the lightness of touch, the "fun" of the new story are the astonishing revelations. Yet there is pathos in the book for those who have eyes to see, pathos none the less real because only hinted at. Miss Derrick, the paying guest, is drawn by a master hand. No doubt the prosaically worthy couple at "Runnymede" found her a great nuisance while she stayed with them at their magnificently named suburban villa. One can feel a good deal of sympathy for them, but they who interpret the story acutely will think still more kindly of the unfortunate young woman. Even Mr. Gissing will find it hard to equal *The Paying Guest*. It is a subtle study of human nature, an excellent bit of writing and composition.

Mr. Stackpoole's *Pierrot* is curious, clever, yet not wholly satisfactory. He writes excellently: each word has a definite value, is neatly chosen. The impending catastrophe is skilfully suggested from the first; a mysterious haunting atmosphere closes round the reader. Mr. Stackpoole can amuse, excite, thrill. Strangely enough, though endowed with these powers, he cannot always convince. I have sought patiently for words wherewith to explain my verdict. I have not found any. I can only record my own impression for what it is worth. Yet the story has an extra-

ordinary charm, imagination, style. The descriptions of the German soldiers passing the park gates on their way to Paris, of the old corporal of the Grand Army drunken and broken-hearted, of the gentle figure of the poor young count, of the song of the faun, these belong to literature, and literature of a fine quality.

Mr. Henry Murray's little story is interesting, if slight. A natural style, some command of humour and pathos, and a very real sympathy with his hero, combine to make the reader's time slip by pleasantly and satisfactorily. The method is old-fashioned, but direct; the tone healthy. No more need be said; but of many more pompous experiments one cannot truthfully say so much.

Miss Joan Barrett is, it would seem, a beginner. Her stories appeared in *Pearson's Weekly*, and, on the whole, are worth a more permanent form. A fair level is maintained throughout; the style, if undistinguished, is careful; and some of the sketches, as "Kismet" and "The Mystery of Villa Francoisey," have more than mere negative merits.

Unfortunately it is impossible to praise *A Trial and its Issues*. Some people may like this sort of thing; readers of the ACADEMY will scarcely be among the number. The grammar is bad, Americanisms of the "it is just impossible" type are beyond forgiveness, and the plot is prodigiously impossible.

Historical novels have become so fashionable that it were vain to offer reasons against them. To some they will always seem lame fiction and perverted history; to others arguments in their favour trip readily from the tongue. Whichever side in the controversy be right, it is clear at the present moment that neither party will be easily persuaded. Some of the more famous names among contemporary novelists rely on this kind of romance for their chief honours, and the greater public takes kindly, nay eagerly, to the food provided for them. Mr. Andrew Lang is so versatile, wields so ready and ingenious a pen, that it is not astonishing to find him in the lists. He is well equipped too, knowing a great deal of history, having a brain richly stored with old legends; moreover, he is a poet and a lover of poetry. Whatever the subject he chooses, he is ever among the first in his handling of it: on his own special studies he is beyond the reach, if not the envy, of rivals. So *A Monk of Fife*, his latest task, is well done, full of incident, imagery, and quaint conceits. The style adopted is, perhaps, too faithfully copied from the manner of older chroniclers to be quite as easy reading as it should be. One wishes now and then that the title-page had borne the legend, "Done into Modern English." But only a very foolish person will venture to dispute Mr. Lang's right to do as seemed best to him; and those who read his story will get all, and more than all, they could reasonably expect of excitement and romance. The book is good of its kind, which is what it aims at being. Consequently anything but praise of it were unreasonable, and discourteous to a greatly accomplished author.

PERCY ADDLESHAW.

SOME VOLUMES OF VERSE.

Arrows of Song. (Hutchinson.) The author of *Arrows of Song* desires—so we are informed by the publisher's announcement—no publicity as a writer of verse. From the same source we gather that he is a well-known provider of prose. If we were timid critics, we should not relish this position; but as we are accustomed to deal in candour without adulterating it by the inclusion of spite, we welcome this opportunity of considering the merit of a volume while its author's big name is kept discreetly hidden from our knowledge; for thus we shall certainly disarm the suspicions of such onlookers as believe in a general state of corruption among reviewers, supposing them to be merely industrious rollers of logs. With regard to *Arrows of Song* the question at once arises, Is there any special reason why the singer of these songs should stoop behind the hedge of anonymity? Does his whim, or his discretion, drive him to adopt this humble attitude? Whenever we read about arrows it is difficult not to think of targets; and as soon as we saw the title of this book advertised we leaped to the conclusion that we were to be entertained by versified comments upon prominent living minstrels. Rumours supported this supposition. What is the actual state of affairs? The volume is quite innocent of parody, and only one target is aimed at. In the poem entitled "My Enemy" the author has not been sparing of literary gall and wormwood. We are bound to say that after reading these most bitter verses, which are obviously directed against a man of mark, we are surprised to find their writer devoid of the necessary pluck to sign his name to the attack. To dress up in a cloak and mask for the purpose of pelting foes with unsavoury missiles is a proceeding which does not commend itself to the average male. Thank God for that. Anonymous fun may pass; anonymous malice is, so to speak, a horse of another hue. And now, leaving this part of our subject with a right good will, it is time to spare a few words for the arrows remaining in this quiver. Among the thirteen other poems there are several which charm by passages made up of metrical skill and beautiful expression, though we search in vain for extended excellence. When poetry gives out, the author does not hesitate to employ prose; and as the former not infrequently withholds assistance to the rhymers, it follows that we are obliged to read more of the wrong stuff than of the right. Perhaps the most satisfactory exercise submitted to us is "Lulu," despite of the fact that the subject has been worn threadbare by lyrical predecessors. Other pieces which deserve notice are "Nelson Day" and "The Coming of Keats." Here follow two verses from the latter:

"O Keats-Endymion! thou beloved youth,
Whom but to think of is to threnodise,
And evermore to bow to in amaze
For all thou wert in thine enchanted days,
I kneel to thee, sweet spirit! in the truth
Of all thy teachings, merged in many sighs.

"By moonlight and by starlight I am thine—
If one unfit to touch thy lyre divine
May dare to call thee brother for a space.
In whispering winds I hear thee, as I deem;
And in my slumber, like a silent dream,
I seem to see the outline of thy face!"

A Sextet of Singers. By George Barlow, J. A. Blaikie, "Paganus" (L. Cranmer Byng), Vincent O'Sullivan, Walter Herries Pollock, and Sidney R. Thompson. (The Roxburghe Press.) A certain strain is put upon the reviewer when he finds himself confronted with the task of considering half-a-dozen singing gentlemen in a paragraph. Before we arrive at professional comment, we feel constrained to chronicle our anxiety with regard

to the possible fruit of the example of this poetical band. Six is not likely to remain as the extreme number in such progressive days as these; and now that the ground is broken by these explorers, we fully expect to have abundant crops of versifiers, twelve or twenty at a time. It is not an exhilarating prospect. *A Sextet of Singers* opens with some eloquent contributions from the pen, or lyre, of Mr. George Barlow, who is first in merit as he is first in position. Mr. Barlow is no novice where beauty of language and impetuous rhythms are concerned, and those who have been moved by former examples of his skill will surely not be disappointed by the perusal of the six poems by which he is here represented. We quote a couple of stanzas from "A Song of the Sea":

"Nought can turn aside the singer from the
loves that lure his praise,
From the gold-tressed wood-nymph smiling
underneath the tangled sprays,
From the red-lipped Naiad laughing with a
mouth where summer burns,
From the maiden stepping gently through
the flowers and clinging ferns.

"Virgin ever, unexhausted, are the great sea's
loving arms.
Who hath ever wholly won her, who hath
numbered all her charms?
Who hath said 'I am her bridegroom, she for
me alone is fair,'
Lifting star by star her jewels from the mid-
night of her hair?"

The remaining minstrels can easily be disposed of in a few sentences of commendation, for while they keep an excellent average they bring forward nothing actually remarkable. Mr. Pollock—five of whose pieces will amply repay attention—has passed, quite unaccountably, two most indifferent lines. Mr. O'Sullivan's "Christmas Cradle Song" is very much to our taste, though we cannot help regretting what we consider to be the unwarrantable intrusion of a word which will be untranslatable by ninety-nine mothers out of a hundred. The verb in question is "to blip."

Ballads of Boy and Beak. By C. E. Johnstone. (John Lane.) With the increase of population the struggle to secure bread and cheese becomes harder and harder. It may be asserted as a general rule that the sterner the effort to support existence the grimmer becomes the labourer, and the less likely there is to be produced among us men of irrepressible gaiety: men who will turn with enthusiasm to the jolly task of amusing the world. We are sadly in need of merry minstrels who will compel us to hold our sides, or, at least, to display a very decided enjoyment of their drolleries. Weeks, months, years pass; but the rhyming wag, whose advent we wait to bless, fails to arrive. In the meanwhile divers candidates for our smiles appear and set forth their wares; but, to our thinking, their fun belongs more to contrivance than to native mirth. The latest arrival among those who would lay claim to the bays of jocosity is Mr. C. E. Johnstone, who sings in very spirited fashion, though not without compelling us to feel that he is forcing himself to be amusing, of boys and masters, canes and impositions. Much of *Ballads of Boy and Beak* can be read with pleasure; and if only Mr. Johnstone showed signs of being inexorably driven from within to express himself in rhyme, we should be able to record an ungrudging verdict in his favour. But his verses are often stiff. There is too much of the common-room in them, too little of the playground. Now this stiffness, this want of nimble movement, is peculiarly unfortunate in poems which relate to such easy-going, unfettered creatures as boys. As if heaviness of touch were not enough to produce dissatisfaction in a reader, Mr. Johnstone has actually put the doings of his

pupils into rondeaus, pantoums, and villanelles, thus patting mere manufacture on the back while giving inspiration the cold shoulder. We are left with a sense of restraint, as may well be imagined. If there is cause for a hearty burst of laughter in the whole of the book, we have failed to discover it. It behoves us to add that one or two of the parodies are really capital fooling.

London Visions. First Book. By Laurence Binyon. (Elkin Mathews.) Most certainly Mr. Laurence Binyon deserves to be bracketed with Abou Ben Adhem, and should be written down by the angel as a man who loves his fellow men, especially if they inhabit Whitechapel or any other part of the mightiest of all cities. It seems to be Mr. Binyon's ambition to discover his themes in the streets of London: to adventure forth by day or by night full of a desire to be hail-fellow-well-met with as many of his kind as possible, and to share with them both joy and grief. Though this is a laudable, and even a beautiful mission, Mr. Binyon, who has the root of poetry in him, must be observant lest he deteriorate from the genuine bard to the philanthropist with a camera; for we are obliged to consider some of his *London Visions* more as verbal photographs than as examples of successful singing. At present his mental attitude is far more admirable than his attempts at its translation to the printed page, though signs of loving care are as abundant as the numerous eloquent passages. To our thinking, Mr. Binyon is not infrequently unlucky in his choice of the form which is to hold his subject. For example, take "The Little Dancers," a poem which strikes us as rather heavy when we remember the nature of the theme:

"Lonely, save for a few faint stars, the sky
Dreams; and lonely, below, the little street
Into its gloom retires, secluded and shy.
Scarcely the dumb roar enters this soft retreat;
And all is dark, save where come flooding rays
From a tavern window: there, to the brisk
measure
Of an organ that down in an alley merrily
plays,
Two children, all alone and no one by,
Holding their tattered frocks, through an airy
maze
Of motion, lightly threaded with nimble feet,
Dance sedately: face to face they gaze,
Their eyes shining, grave with a perfect
pleasure."

In this particular case we can see no good reason why the measure should not have been the ally of the subject. We are not pleading for an abandoned jig. There is a middle course. These few lines will be evidence that our remark as to photography was neither unjust nor uncalled for. The following extract contains more of the true stuff:

"But thou, divine moon, with thine equal beam,
Dispensing patience, steal'st unawares
The thoughts of many that pass sorrowful on
Else undiverted, amid the crowd alone:
Embroiderest with beauty the worn theme
Of trouble; to a fancied harbour calm
Steerest the widow's ship of heavy cares;
And on light spirits of lovers, radiant grown,
Dropest an unimaginable balm.
Yet me to-night thy peace rejoices less
Than this warm human scene, that of rude
earth
Pleasantly savours, nor dissembles mirth,
Nor grief, nor passion: sweet to me this press
Of life unnumbered, where if hard distress
Be tyrant, hunger is not fed
Nor misery pensioned with the ill-tasting bread
Of pity; but such help as Earth ordains
Betwixt her creatures, bound in common pains,
Brother from brother, without prayer, obtains."

In the last five lines it will be noticed that poetic license makes short work of fact. Mr. Binyon seems to think that the children of poor

neighbourhoods do not enjoy their games in the mire. This is a mistake. They have their intensities of enjoyment equally with the little folks in a far-away village.

NORMAN GALE.

NOTES AND NEWS.

MR. WILLIAM HEINEMAN will publish shortly a new volume of biographical and critical studies of nineteenth century literature, by Mr. Edmund Gosse, to be entitled *Critical Kit-Cats*. Among the writers treated are Edward Fitzgerald, Walt Whitman, Lord de Tabley, R. L. Stevenson, Christina Rossetti, and Walter Pater.

MESSRS. KEGAN PAUL, TRENCH, TRÜBNER & Co. announce their intention to publish a series of translations of foreign military works, to be called the "Wolsey Series," under the editorship of Captain Walter H. James. The first volume, to appear shortly, will be *Letters on Strategy*, by the late Prince Kraft-Hohenlohe-Mgelfingen, with a preface by Lord Wolsey. Two other volumes are also in the press: *With the Royal Headquarters in 1870-71*, by General Verdy du Vernois; and *Napoleon as a Strategist*, by Count Yorck von Wartenberg.

MR. GEORGE REDWAY will publish early in March two military books: *The Soldier in Battle, or Life in the Ranks of the Army of the Potomac*, by Mr. Frank Wilkeson, a survivor of Grant's last campaign; and *Eighty Years Ago, or the Recollections of an old Army Doctor*, by the late Dr. Gibney, of Cheltenham, edited by his son, Major Gibney. The latter book gives an account of the battle-fields of Quatre Bras and Waterloo, and of the occupation of Paris.

MESSRS. CHAPMAN & HALL announce an historical sketch of Bohemia, by Francis Count Lützow, a large landowner, and formerly a deputy for Bohemia in the Austrian Parliament.

MESSRS. BLACKIE & SON will publish shortly an English translation of the late Dr. A. E. Brehm's *Vom Nordpol zum Aequator*. The book consists of a collection of pictures of wild life, scenery, and travel in various parts of the world, especially Asia and Africa. It is enriched with full-page and other illustrations, in which feature the English edition will be superior to the German. It has been edited by Mr. J. Arthur Thomson, who contributes an introductory essay and numerous notes.

MESSRS. A. & C. BLACK have in the press an English translation of Prof. Adolf Harnack's *Christianity and History*. It has been made, with the author's sanction, by Mr. T. Bailey Saunders, who will also prefix an introductory note.

THE second series of Mrs. L. T. Meade's "Stories from the Diary of a Doctor," which appeared in the *Strand Magazine* for 1895, will be published in book form next month by Messrs. Bliss, Sands & Foster.

MESSRS. A. D. INNES & Co. will publish in the course of this spring a new novel by the author of "Aut Diabolus, aut Nihil," to be entitled *The Limb*, the scene of which is laid among Court circles in St. Petersburg.

MESSRS. HUTCHINSON & Co. will publish shortly *The Oracle of Baal*, a romance of adventure in Africa, by Mr. J. Provand Webster, with illustrations by Mr. Warwick Goble.

MESSRS. JARROLD & SONS announce the two following novels in their "Greenback Series": *Lindsay's Girl*, by Mrs. Herbert Martin; and *Harum Scaram*, by Miss Esmé Stuart.

Christ in Hades, by Mr. Stephen Phillips, will immediately follow Mr. Robert Bridges's

volume in the "Elkin Mathews Shilling Garland." Mr. Phillips's name may be remembered as that of the actor whose delivery of the Ghost's speech in "Hamlet" at the Globe Theatre, during F. R. Benson's lease, won him a call—a unique distinction for the Ghost in the history of the stage.

MR. LEWIS H. VICTORY will publish through Mr. Elliot Stock very shortly a new volume of verse, entitled *The Higher Teaching of Shakespeare*.

MR. LEONARD SMITHERS will issue early in March a volume of verse by Mr. A. Bernard Miall, entitled *Nocturns and Pastorals*.

MR. ALFRED COOPER, of Charing Cross-road, proposes to issue, in a limited edition, a Life of John Leland, printed from a MS. formerly in the collection of Sir Thomas Phillips. The authorship is unknown, but it has been attributed to Edward Burton, who is mentioned in Hearne's Diary. A bibliography will be appended of the works of Leland, including those that are still in MS.

THE Selden Society is about to issue to the members vol. ix. of its publications, being the volume for 1895. This consists of a selection from the Coroners' Rolls in the Public Record Office from 1265 to 1413 A.D., with an introduction on the history of the office of Coroner by Dr. Gross, of Harvard. The volume for 1896 will be *Select Cases in Chancery from the Time of Richard II.*; a portion of this is already in the press.

A REPORT on the conference at Ottawa on the Copyright question, at which Mr. Hall Caine and Mr. Daldy were present on behalf of English interests, has been published as an appendix to the annual report of the Canadian Minister of Agriculture for 1895.

ON Thursday next, at the Royal Institution, the Rev. Dr. William Barry, author of *The New Antigone*, will begin a course of four lectures on "Masters of Modern Thought," dealing with Voltaire, Rousseau, Goethe, and Spinoza.

AT a meeting of the Elizabethan Literary Society, to be held at Toynbee Hall on Wednesday next, the president, Mr. Sidney Lee, will read a paper on "An Elizabethan Bookseller."

UNIVERSITY JOTTINGS.

PROF. J. J. THOMSON, professor of experimental physics, has been appointed by the Vice-Chancellor to deliver the Rede Lecture at Cambridge this year.

SIR HENRY ROSCOE has been elected vice-chancellor of the University of London, in place of the late Sir Julian Goldsmid; and Mr. Victor Dickens has been appointed to succeed Mr. Milman as registrar.

THE series of alternative resolutions regarding degrees for women will be discussed and voted upon in Congregation at Oxford on Tuesday next. In accordance with a memorial signed by 104 members, an additional resolution has been added to those originally proposed, by which a woman may receive a diploma, stating the examination she has passed and the place at which she has studied. At this stage no amendment can be moved; and whatever resolution be passed, a select committee will have to be appointed later on to report on the provisions of a draft statute. Among the memorials printed in the *Gazette*, we observe that the thirty-five headmistresses under the Girls' Public Day Schools Company are all, with one notable exception, in favour of the B.A. degree; as also are eighteen out of twenty-four headmistresses under the Church Schools Company.

AT Cambridge the discussion on degrees for women took place on Wednesday of this week,

The next stage will be the appointment of a syndicate, to consider the whole question; and to this it is probable that there will be no serious opposition.

THE Senate at Cambridge has granted Prof. Jebb leave of absence during Easter term, in order to enable him to discharge his duties in Parliament.

THE Board of Trinity College, Dublin, have decided to republish Sir W. Rowan Hamilton's *Elements of Quaternions*, and have entrusted the task of editing the work to Mr. Charles J. Joly, fellow of Trinity, who will also add annotations.

MESSRS. A. & C. Black announce *Studies in Judaism*, by Mr. S. Schechter, reader in Rabbinic at Cambridge.

ON Wednesday of this week, the Rev. Dr. C. H. H. Wright, Grinfield lecturer at Oxford on the Septuagint, delivered his terminal lecture, on "The Seventy Weeks of Daniel (LXX. and Hebrew), considered in relation to Modern Criticism."

THE Rev. J. E. Odgers, Hibbert lecturer in ecclesiastical history at Mansfield College, proposes to deliver three public lectures on "Ecclesiastical History," illustrated with diagrams and lantern-slides. He will deal with the early cemeteries and inscriptions at Rome, and the early art of Ravenna.

THE accounts of the colleges at Cambridge have been printed as a supplement to the *University Reporter*. A considerable want of uniformity is still observable. In the great majority of cases the financial year ends at Michaelmas; in three or four cases in October; in one case on Lady Day; in another on St. Thomas's Day. So, again, abatement of rents is in one case entered as a deduction from income; in another as an item of expenditure. It is interesting to learn that a larger amount is universally expended on the chapel than on the library. For example, at Trinity, out of the corporate income, only £1461 is appropriated to the library, compared with £2112 for the chapel, and £2792 for the augmentation of benefices.

THE expenditure on the restoration of St. Mary's spire at Oxford already amounts to £11,633. The architect, Mr. T. G. Jackson, hopes that the work may be completed by the end of January, 1897. Meanwhile, the University has resolved to appropriate to this account all sums received by way of composition for university dues for a further period of two years.

THE following have been elected fellows of University College, London: Mr. G. F. Blacker, Miss Clara E. Collet, Mrs. Rhys Davids, Mr. T. G. Foster, Mr. H. F. Heath, Mr. A. W. Porter, Mr. W. B. Ransom, and Mr. A. G. Tansley.

ORIGINAL VERSE.

PAN.

HUSH! Pan is sleeping
In forest deep on leafy bed:
Oh, softly tread.
Hum lullaby, O drowsy bee:
In charmed silence every tree
His watch is keeping.
Oh, softly tread: great Pan is sleeping.
Hark! Pan is waking!
A shiver through the leaves is creeping
Before the breeze.
Oh, see the Hamadryads peeping
Behind the trees.
Their trunks glow ruddy in the sun,
And hark! the blackbirds one by one
The silence breaking
With flute-like note; for Pan is waking.

ETHEL R. BARKER.

Versailles.

MAGAZINES AND REVIEWS.

THE current number of the *Jewish Quarterly Review* (Macmillans) opens with an obituary of Joseph Derenbourg, by Dr. Neubauer, who writes as a friend of nearly forty years' standing. Then follows a lecture delivered by Mr. Claude Montefiore before the Theological Society of the University of Glasgow last November, entitled "On Some Misconceptions of Judaism and Christianity by each other." But it is really more than this; for not the least interesting part is an estimate of the several ingredients which Judaism and Christianity have each contributed to that Theism which is the working belief of so many of the best modern minds. While scrupulously fair to Christianity, Mr. Montefiore certainly brings out a good deal in Judaism which will be novel even to thoughtful readers. In the same connexion we may mention a study of Jowett's religious teaching, as exemplified in his college sermons, by Mr. Oswald Simon. Prof. D. Kaufmann gives a lurid picture of the fate that befell Jewish informers in the middle ages. It appears that, in Spain at any rate, the state used to lend its sanction to death sentences passed upon informers by the Jewish community in accordance with Talmudic law. Maimuni, writing in Egypt, states that in the cities of the West the punishment of informers was a matter of daily occurrence. Of the actual procedure, few records have been recorded. But Prof. Kaufmann here prints, in Hebrew, the Responsum of a German Rabbi, approving the execution of a Spanish informer circa 1283. Unfortunately, he does not tell us precisely what was the special treason against their coreligionists that these informers committed. Mr. F. C. Conybeare begins an elaborate attempt to restore the archetype of the Armenian Version of the Testaments of Reuben and Simeon, by means of a comparison with the Greek MSS. collated by Mr. Sinker; Mr. S. Schechter concludes his corrections and notes of the Midrashic treatise entitled *Agadath Shir Hashirim*; and the Rev. G. Margoliouth prints and translates, from a MS. in the British Museum, the Megillath Missraim, a liturgical document commemorating the deliverance of the Jews at Cairo in 1524, which has hitherto supposed to have been lost. Two ladies, Mrs. Henry Lucas and Miss Nina Davis, contribute some effective renderings of Hebrew poetry. Passing over the reviews for want of space, we must not omit mention of the "Massoretic Studies" of Prof. Ludwig Blau, of Buda-Pest. He subjects to a minute examination the well-known Talmudic custom of counting the number of letters and words in the Bible. The former was the older practice of the two. But strange variations are found in different calculations, which are here explained as clerical errors. Considering the importance attached to the matter, it seems odd that the Rabbis should give 600,000 and 400,000 for the number of letters in the Pentateuch, whereas the actual total can easily be ascertained to be just 300,000.

SLAVICA.

The *Bulgariski Priegled* ("Bulgarian Review"), which we are glad to see continues its successful career, contains among other interesting articles one by Dr. Shishmanov, of Sofia, the son-in-law of the lamented Prof. Dragomanov, on the valuable MSS. of Schafarik which are preserved in the Bohemian Museum at Prague, and are still unpublished. Attention is especially called to the important material collected by that distinguished scholar on the ethnology, language, and literature of the Bulgarians. When Schafarik published his *History of Slavonic Literature* in 1826, the Bulgarian language was so little known in Europe

that he treated it as a dialect of Serbian. But on taking up his quarters at Neusatz, where he had an official appointment at the Gymnasium, he began his study of the Bulgarian language and literature, and thenceforth was occupied with it off and on till his death in 1861. His MSS. were purchased by the Municipal Council of Prague, and were afterwards placed in the Museum. During, however, the life of the late librarian, Vrtatko, everything in the Museum seems to have been allowed to remain in a state of confusion, and persons who expressed a wish to see the MSS. were put off with various excuses. However, matters have changed under the régime of Dr. Patern, the present holder of the office; and an edition of the correspondence of Schafarik is being prepared by Prof. Jireček, so well known for his *History of Bulgaria*, and his work on the Principality since its emancipation from the yoke of the Turks.

W. R. M.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE LITHUANIAN BIBLE.

Cambridge: Feb. 5, 1896.

In the *ACADEMY* of 1891 (vol. xxxix., pp. 370, 443, 467, 514, 564), and more recently in 1895 (November 30, p. 461), certain circumstances connected with the Lithuanian Bible have been discussed, and I wish to add a few details which may interest those who have followed the discussion. These particulars I found some time ago among the papers belonging to the Dutch Church, Austin Friars, London, which are at present here in the University Library, and will, I hope, be published shortly in the third volume of the archives of the Church which I am now preparing for the Consistory.

On Monday, July 7, 1662, Evan Tyler writes (from London) to Caesar Calandrin (one of the ministers of the London Dutch Church):

"Monsieur, Ayant esté a ce matin chez * Mr. le Chevalier Brown [Sir Richard Browne; see the *Dictionary of National Biography*, vol. vii.], Secrétaire du Conseil par son ordre, il m'a fait savoir que pour le bien des Eglises de Lithuanie, il avoit esté trouvé apropos que ce qu'il y a d'imprimé de leur bible fust mis en deposit entre les mains des Pasteurs et Anciens de vostre Eglise; et que vous fussiez priés de recevoir les dits imprimés en quelque endroit de vostre Bibliothèque pour y estre gardés jusques à ce que les Seigneurs du Conseil qui sont nommés Commissaires pour les Eglises de Lithuanie, en ordonnent pour le bien des dites Eglises. Je ne vous dirai rien pour vous porter a consentir a ce que l'on desire de vostre Compagnie ne doutant point que vous ne vous y portiez de vous meme. Il faudra donner à l'imprimeur un reçu de ce qu'il aura delivré. Si la chose se peut faire des aujourd'hui ce sera le mieux. C'est pourquoy je vous supplie que l'on n'y apporte point de delay. Je suis Monsieur Vostre treshumble et tresobeissant serviteur
"E. Tyrel. Ce 7 Juillet."

The letter is addressed: "To the Reverend Mr. Calandrin, one of the Ministers of the Dutch Church, these London."

On one side of the letter Mr. Calandrin has written (in Dutch):

"July 10, 1662, I gave a receipt to Evan Tyler, printer, for 2980 copies of twenty-six sheets each, the beginning of the Lithuanian Bible, by order of the Commissaries of the High Council for the Lithuanian Collection, to remain in our keeping—namely, of the ministers and elders of the Dutch Church—at the disposal of the said Commissaries."

On the other side he wrote:

"October 7, 1662, I gave a receipt to Tho. Seward for 158 reams of paper for the Lithuanian Bible by appointment of the Commissaries for the Lithuanian Collection for their further order."

* I follow everywhere the spelling of the original.

On Thursday, September 15, 1681, the following order was issued from Whitehall:

"These are to certify whom it may concerne,* That Nicolaus Minwid Superattendens Transviliensis in the Great Dukedom of Lithuania is a Person very particularly and earnestly recommended to his Majesties Royall Protection and Bounty by Letters Recommendatory from their Electorall Highnesses the Prince Elector Palatine, and the Elector of Brandenburg, and that a Petition presented to his Majesty by the said Superattendant is by his Majesties speciall command Recommended to his Grace the Lord Archbishop of Canterbury and the Lord Bishop of London to consider of means whereby those distressed Protestant Churches that the said Superattendant doth Petition for, may have some relief suitable to his Majesties gracious Disposition and Royall Goodness in that behalf; Therefore 'tis my opinion that if there be any money or effects in the hands of the Elders of the Dutch Church, or of any other person formerly Collected or given to the Protestant Churches of Lithuania that it may and ought to be paid or delivered to the said Superattendant to the use of the said Churches, Provided his Grace the Lord Archbishop and the Lord Bishop of London be first acquainted therewith and their approbation had thereto. Whitehall, the 15th day of September, 1681.—L. JENKINS."

Then follows, evidently in the handwriting of the Archbishop of Canterbury, William Sancroft:

"We do approve that the Money, which arose upon the Sale of the paper formerly provided for printing of the Lithuanian Bible, or so much of it as remains in the Hands of the Elders of the Dutch Church in Lon^{on} be paid into the Hands of the Reverend Nicholas Minwid, Superattendant of the Lithuanian Church. Sept. 19th, 1681.
[Signed:] W: Cant.
H: London. [Henry Compton.]"

On the verso is found the following receipt of Nicolaus Minwid:

"Quod a Consistorio Ecclesiae Londino Belgicae Biblia Lituanico Idiomate ex parte Impressa mihi concessa et insuper triginta septeni (sic) librae et sedecim solidi monetae Anglicanae quas chartae venditae prodixerunt per manus Reverendi Domini Philippi de Beeck eiusdem Ecclesiae Clerici Ministri numeratae et a me receptae fuerint, hac manus meae Subscriptione testor, atque grato animo fateor Scriptum Londini Anno 1681, 20 Septembris, Nicolaus Minwid Superattendens Districtus Transviliensis mpp."

From this receipt it appears, therefore, that Minwid received from the Dutch Church the copies of the Lithuanian Bible as far as it had been printed, besides £37 16s., the produce of the paper, which had all been entrusted to the Church on July 10 and October 7, 1662, according to Calandrin's receipts printed above. On looking in the Consistorial Acta Book of the time, which I have also here, I find the following note (in Dutch) under date October 5, 1681:

"As a certain student from Poland had undertaken to translate the Bible into the Lithuanian language, and some copies, as far as he had been able to complete it in his lifetime, together with some papers ordered for the printing of it, had been placed in our library with the consent of the late Mr. Calandryn, and the papers, to prevent their being damaged, were sold to Mr. Jan Lande (?), stationer, on September 20, 1672, for £37 17s., and as Mr. Nicolaus Minwid, Superintendent of some Reformed Churches in Lithuania, at the order and instruction of the Synod of these churches, has requested us for leave to take away these copies of this Bible so commenced, together with the money realised by the paper sold—the Brethren of the Consistory having seen his instructions, and an approbation of the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishop of London, and Mr. Leonyn Inkins, Secretary of State, consented to his taking away these copies of the Bible and would hand him the money aforesaid, which was done according to his receipt dated September 20, 1681."

* I follow again the original.

I do not think that researches in the Acta Books would yield further information, but the above seems sufficient to explain the whereabouts of the Bible and the paper from 1662 to 1681. It is not impossible that one or two copies of the book may have remained in the church, which I myself have searched four or five times, but merely for MSS., letters, and documents. Printed sheets or books may therefore have escaped me.

J. H. HESSELS.

ARNOBIUS AND THE "GOSPEL OF PETER."

Jersey: Feb. 8, 1896.

Two years ago I pointed out (*Athenaeum*, May 13, 1893) that the Gospel of Peter was largely used in the Institutes of Lactantius and the Acta Pilati. Those two works, taken together, provide certain important additions to the Akhmim fragment. My object in the present letter is to show that further additions are supplied by comparing the Acta and the Institutes with a third authority—the *Adversus Gentes* of Arnobius.

Let us consider the personality of Arnobius. (1) He was a Docetist. He speaks of our Lord as "disguising" Himself in the garb of the human race, "feigning" Himself a man in order to deceive the powers of darkness. He tells us that it was not Christ that was slain, "but only a very small part of Him," "the form which He bore about with Him." (2) Arnobius was the master of Lactantius; and the obligation of Lactantius to the Gospel of Peter is unquestionable.

A priori, then, there is considerable likelihood that it was the Gospel of Peter which supplied Arnobius with his extra-canonical matter; and this likelihood is slightly increased when we compare his statement (*Adv. Gentes*, i. 63) that Christ when crucified "regarded but as childish trifles the wrongs done to Him" with pseudo-Peter's "He was silent as though He felt no pain." But it is not a matter for mere guessing. The coincidences of Arnobius with the extra-canonical matter in Lactantius and the Acta Pilati leave very little room for doubt that all three were indebted to one and the same document.

(I.) "Christ made the lame to run" (*Adv. Gentes*, i. 45). So in the Institutes (iv. 15): "To the lame and those afflicted with some defect of the feet He not only gave the power of walking, but also of running." In the Report of Pilate we are twice told that "He gave the power to walk and run." (*Cf.* Justin, *Adv. Trypho.*, 69: "Those lame from birth He enabled to leap by a word.")

(II.) It is not merely the phrase "to run" that is common to Arnobius, Lactantius, and the Acta, but also the fact itself that Christ signally healed one who was lame. In addition to the passages above quoted, we find "He gave the power of walking to the shrivelled," "corrected the shrivelling of the sinews" (*Adv. Gentes*, i. 47, 48). In the Institutes (iv. 26), "He renewed the feet of the lame." And in the Acta Pilati (I. Latin and Greek A.) we are told that He performed this miracle on the Sabbath.

(III.) Arnobius tells us that "Christ loosed the rigidity of joints"; "He healed deformity"; "joints relaxed the rigidity acquired even at birth" (*Adv. Gentes*, i. 45, 47, 48). The allusion here points to a hunchback. Similarly in the Acta Pilati we are told that Christ healed one who was *kuprós* (*gibberosus*) on the Sabbath (I. Greek A. and Latin); and the man gives evidence before Pilate, "I was *kuprós*, and seeing Him I cried, 'Have mercy on me, Lord,' and he made me straight with a word." By the way, the statement in the Report of Pilate that the man with the withered hand was wonderfully deformed, and had not

half his body sound, leaves room for a suspicion that he and the hunchback may be one and the same.

(IV.) Arnobius tells us that on one occasion Christ "healed a hundred or more afflicted with various diseases and infirmities by a single act of intervention" (i. 46). Here we are reminded of Matt. xv. 30, 31; but, in the light of what has gone before, it seems unlikely that the statement is a mere rhetorical embellishment on the part of Arnobius. And there is a suggestive coincidence in the Institutes (iv. 15), "By a single word, in a single moment, He healed the sick and infirm and those afflicted with every kind of disease."

(V.) Arnobius calls Christ "the gate of life" (*Adv. Gentes*, ii. 65). So does Lactantius (Institutes iv. 29). (*Cf.* "I am the gate of life," Clem. Hom. iii. 52.)

Things being so, we may with some confidence add to the Gospel of Peter the cure of a lame man who was told to rise and run, and of a man born hunchbacked, both on the Sabbath; also the simultaneous cure of a great crowd. And there is a remaining extra-canonical reference in *Adv. Gentes*, i. 50, "ulcera oris immensi et recusantia perpeti frenavit" (a detail of the leper's cure?), which probably belongs to the same source.*

But the matter does not end here. With the light afforded by the extra-canonical references of Arnobius, and bearing in mind the facts mentioned in the *Athenaeum* article above referred to, we may recover further fragments of the Gospel of Peter from the Acta and the Institutes—fragments of the highest interest.

(a.) In the Acta:

"I lay sick upon my bed thirty-eight years. And some young men had pity on me and carried me with my bed and took me to Him. And He said, 'Arise, take up thy bed and depart to thine house' . . . on the Sabbath."

"I was born blind. And as Jesus passed by I cried with a loud voice, 'Have mercy on me, Thou Son of David.' And He laid His hands upon my eyes (v.r., took clay and anointed my eyes)."

Notice here the daring identification of the paralytic of Capernaum and blind man of Jericho with St. John's paralytic of Bethsaida and blind man of Siloam.

(b.) In the Institutes, iv. 15:

"A multitude followed of maimed and sick. And He went up into a mountain, and when he had tarried there three days, . . . five loaves and two fishes in a wallet."

"They began to be distressed by a contrary wind. And when they were in the midst of the sea, He came up to them walking as though on the ground. And, again, when He had gone to sleep and the wind had begun to rage, being aroused from sleep, He ordered the wind to be silent."

Notice that here Lactantius mixes the feeding of the 5000 with the feeding of the 4000, and the storm stilling of Matt. viii. 23-27; Mk. iv. 35 with the storm stilling of Matt. xiv. 32, 33; Mk. vi. 51, 52. Most critics regard these doublets in our canonical Gospels as evidence of the combination of separate documents; and the fact that pseudo-Peter should identify narratives between which our canonical Evangelists have distinguished points perhaps to his having had access to the documents behind.

* In *Adv. Gentes*, i. 53, we find a reference which the Akhmim fragment does not support—"an earthquake shook the world, the sea was heaved up from its depths, the heaven was shrouded in darkness, the sun's fiery blaze was checked and his heat became moderate." But that all four elements were affected is a stock argument, frequently repeated in early Christian literature; and a comparison of the passages in which it occurs obviously points us back not to any gospel but to some work argumentative and rhetorical.

Thus, in fine, the miraculous narratives which we are justified in imputing to the Gospel of Peter point in exactly the same direction as the Akhmim fragment. Pseudo-Peter makes use of the Fourth Gospel, but in such a free manner as to prove that it was very new when he wrote. His miracles show development as contrasted with the Synoptic; but the doubling back, above noted, of the Synoptic Gospels into themselves tends to show that the posteriority is not absolute.

F. P. BADHAM.

THE VERB "DEECH."

Oxford: Feb. 17, 1896.

I have to thank Prof. Napier for courteously pointing out that Prof. J. Bugge had already dealt with O.E. *dēcan*, and its cognates outside Teutonic: which I should have been glad to know in 1894. There is, I think, something to be said for the sense "impregnate"; for the modern *ditched* (which has now been also reported to me as *deech't*), has not merely the sense "smeared," but especially that of ingrained with dirt, which has, as it were, dried into the surface.

I am grieved that my remarks on the interesting history of the word have disturbed my old friend Dr. Henry Sweet, and moved him to a letter somewhat wanting in the suavity which one would fain associate with his name. I grieve the more because it obliges me to undertake the time-wasting task of correcting him as to the substance of his statements. The picture which he has drawn of myself coming to him "in great perplexity," to learn "how it was possible to connect the O.E. *dēcan* with German *decken*" (!!!), and of my amiable mentor, in compassion of my forgetfulness of elementary facts of Teutonic phonology, opening his own MS. dictionary, and imparting to me precious knowledge "known only to a specialist like [him]self," is very pretty, and might form the subject of an interesting painting "of us twain."

But, alas! it is too ideal. I came to O.E. *dēcan* in another and more matter-of-fact way. The quotations for *deche* from the fifteenth-century *Palladius* came before me in January, 1874, in ordinary course, among the dictionary slips, and the word had to be dealt with as to sense and etymology. Looking, in ordinary course, to see if there was any corresponding word in O.E. (Anglo-Saxon), I duly found in Bosworth *dēcan* and its cross-reference to *gedēcan*, with "the three well-known instances" quoted, and saw (as anyone would have seen in the circumstances) that the sense was the same as that of *deech*, and the form given a mistake for *dēcan*. It did not occur to me that this was any particular discovery, or that I or anyone else had any property in *dēcan*. But I was interested in the fact that a word found in O.E. should not (so far as I could see) appear again till the fifteenth century; for it strengthened the feeling one had often had, that many words known to us first in fifteenth-century vocabularies must have existed in English from the beginning, though no example of them has come down to us; and during the ensuing two months, while *deech* was passing from "copy" to "final," I mentioned the circumstance incidentally to various English scholars who are in the habit of asking if I have any interesting words in hand. Among these were Mr. M. H. Liddell, who was working at a new edition of *Palladius*, and had often examined passages for us, Prof. J. Wright, Mr. Mayhew, and possibly Prof. Skeat and Prof. Sievers; that I did not mention it to Prof. Napier, and thereby learn from him that the O.E. word had been already discussed by Prof.

Bugge, must be owing to the circumstance that I did not happen to meet him. It is very probable that I mentioned it also to Dr. Sweet, although I do not remember this. It is possible even that I asked him if he had Thorpe's Homilies at hand, and could verify for me Bosworth's quotation (not quotations, as Dr. Sweet puts it; there is only one, the quotations are in the Leechdoms, which I verified myself). We do regularly verify quotations from other dictionaries. Prof. Napier has collated passages for us a score of times: so has Prof. Skeat, Dr. Aldis Wright, Mr. Macaulay, and many others. Dr. Sweet has similarly obliged us more than once. I, in my turn, have furnished other scholars with hundreds of quotations or collations, as, if there were any need for it, fifty readers of the ACADEMY could attest. That on such an occasion I may have referred to the absurd dictionary identification of the O.E. verb with German *decken* is quite possible, and that Dr. Sweet may have looked up his MS. dictionary to see if he had got it right is also possible; but that he was under the impression that he had communicated to me some special information on the word I never knew till Saturday last. As a fact, my original letter to the ACADEMY was not sent when written, being kept back, in the first place, until I could get the quotation from the Homilies verified, and eventually it was lost sight of and, as other words pressed upon me, forgotten. I turned it out of the pocket of an old coat a short while ago when its original occasion had long passed; but as *ditch* had meanwhile turned up, and by its apparent identity with M.E. *deche*, added fresh interest to the history of the word, I sent the original letter, as it was written in 1894, with an epilogue referring to the modern dialect word, little dreaming that I should thereby disturb the gentle soul of my friend Dr. Sweet, of all men. But we live in perilous times: now it is an American President, now a German Kaiser, now an Old English "specialist," who, as with a bolt from the blue, warns us in vigorous language that neither in Venezuela, nor in South Africa, nor in the ACADEMY must we, under penalty of his high displeasure, venture on territory within his "sphere of influence."

As to the characteristic words about "decking oneself with borrowed philological plumes," I will not rejoin with "Physician, heal thyself!" on the ground that Dr. Sweet claims as his special property in 1894 what Prof. Napier shows had been published by Prof. Bugge eight years before. Dr. Sweet is an honourable man, and evidently knew no more about Prof. Bugge's article than I did. I am sure he has as little need of "borrowed philological plumes" as I have. As to my own habits in the acknowledgment of borrowings, I think I can safely leave myself in the hands of English and foreign scholars; they will appreciate the humour of the situation.

One word in conclusion. Dr. Sweet in the preface to his *Oldest English Texts* in 1886, disgusted by the want of appreciation *urbis et orbis*—of Oxford and the world—announced his withdrawal, "for a time, at least," from the ungrateful field of English philology. The friends who like myself regretted this withdrawal, and the manner of it, and all who are more anxious to see work done than to squabble over who does it, will be glad to see that Achilles has again emerged from his tent, eager for the fray; and even if he at first hit out rather wildly, Berserker-like belabouring friend and foe, and damaging himself not a little, they will hope that, when this "humorous" fit has passed, he will again fall into line and do useful service in some department of English scholarship.

J. A. H. MURRAY.

Oxford: Feb. 24, 1896.

In my forthcoming edition of the M.E. *Palladius* I had expected to note Prof. Bugge's correction of the error in Bosworth-Toller in respect to O.E. *dēcan*, to which Prof. Napier called my attention some two years ago, and present also the evidence furnished by the M.E. and N.E. forms as communicated to the ACADEMY two weeks since by Dr. Murray. But as the word seems to have aroused some interest, it might be well to mention a N.E. dialect form which is regular and does not present the difficult shortening we have in *ditch*. In *A General Dictionary of Provincialisms*, ed. Wm. Holloway (Sussex Press, 1838), *deched* is entered on p. 44 as an adjective meaning *foul*, with the illustration, "The scythe is so *deched* I can't sharpen it" (Warwickshire). Wright also has the word in his *Provincial Glossary*, and assigns to it the meaning of "foul," "rusty," improving somewhat on the previous editor.

If this spelling represents a long close *i*-sound as in "green," we have here the regular representative of O.E. *dēcan*. In the North of England and in the Lowlands of Scotland we ought to get forms with *k*, such as *deek*; but I can find no trace of this, unless it is in the *daik* entered in Jamieson as being in use in Ayrshire, with two senses: (a) "to *daik* the head"—i.e., "smooth the hair," (b) "to soak, to moisten." (The second instance cited by Dr. Murray from the M.E. *Palladius* seems to have this meaning.) Also Jamieson says that in Ayrshire the expression, "It has ne'er been *daikrit*," describes a thing that "has never been used or is quite new." In Jamieson's Dictionary *ai* represents an *ā*-sound.

According to Ellis (*Early Eng. Pron.*, vol. v., p. 723), an *ā*-sound as the representative of M.E. *ā* is regular in Dialect 33—that is, the South-East of Scotland; so far as one can make out from the scanty material, the South-West and Ayrshire should have an *ā*-sound in N.E. *green*. But even if the form is *dek* as Jamieson represents, we have no greater anomaly than occurs in N.E. *steak*. So that it may be possible to connect *daik* also with O.E. *dēcan*.

MARK H. LIDDELL.

Liverpool: Feb. 21, 1896.

This verb is extant, as Dr. Murray surmises, in a modern English dialect; I have been familiar with it from childhood, but in the speech of one person only—my mother. On reading Dr. Murray's letter in the ACADEMY for February 15, I at once asked her what was the meaning of the word "deech," and she replied:

"Oh, it's a Birmingham word, which I have never heard in Liverpool. My mother used to apply it to clothes that were not clean—that were of a bad complexion with bad washing, not merely soiled with wear or use. Things that looked *deechy*."

I remember thinking that the word was probably connected (antithetically) with "bleach" and imagined it written "deach."

R. MCINTOCK.

THE SIN-EATER IN WALES.

New College, Eastbourne: Feb. 22, 1896.

Now that Mr. Owen has retired from the field to all appearance, you will perhaps allow me, as the person who was directly challenged by Mr. Hartland, and the initiator of the whole discussion, to say a word or two on the question.

The main purpose of my letter in the *Times* was to throw doubt on the Llandebie story, and my doubts rest on a point that has not yet been mentioned in the ACADEMY. In the evidence quoted by Canon Silvan Evans in the

ACADEMY in 1878, the schoolmaster of Llandebie stated that cakes were not given at Llandebie. If this is so, it seems to me impossible to suppose that the Sin-eater existed there at the close of the first half of the century, if Mr. Hartland is correct in regarding this dole as a survival and degenerate form of Sin-eating. We cannot suppose that the central rite was in full tide if those portions of the ritual which survive longest in other parts had entirely disappeared.

My second point is, that if Mr. Hartland is correct in identifying all these funeral customs with tribal feasts, he cannot adduce them all as proofs of the existence of the Sin-eater, unless he is prepared to argue that in Wales and the Borders the whole of the tribal ceremonial was swallowed up in the Sin-eating. Unless the custom of tribal feasts underwent a uniform evolution, we should find by the side of any single descendant of it in folk-custom various analogous customs bearing a resemblance more or less close; but these analogous customs cannot be brought forward as a proof of the existence of their co-descendants. We are not entitled to conclude the general practice of Sin-eating from an analogical argument, backed by a few isolated instances on the authority of a single writer, who wrote forty years after the single case which he mentions within the Welsh borders. I say a single writer advisedly, for I cannot regard Mr. Moggridge as an authority: he gives us no hint of his source: we have no certainty that he derived his account at first hand or even at second. I am not enamoured of the anonymous newspaper correspondent as a collector of folk-lore; but he is better off than Mr. Moggridge's informant, for, if he cannot be identified, he is at least not liable to have his words distorted by transmission and final publication at third, fourth, or fifth hand. Even if we had no denials such as those given by intelligent and competent persons like Mr. Rowlands in 1871, the Llandebie story would rest on an uncertain foundation. In the face of these denials, it seems impossible to give credence to it.

I call attention to the fact that in 1878, though the Sin-eater was said to have existed thirty years previously, no one was produced who had ever seen him, nor even one who had seen a person who had seen him. Thirty years is not so long in a rural district that old customs are forgotten. If the Sin-eater had really existed there in 1850, it would have been possible to find an eye-witness. But no eye-witness was forthcoming.

N. W. THOMAS.

APPOINTMENTS FOR NEXT WEEK.

- SUNDAY, March 1, 4 p.m. Sunday Lecture: "Counsel, Crimes, and Criminals," by Mr. Keith Firth.
4 p.m. South Place Institute: "The Administration of Justice in India," by Mr. K. N. Chaudhuri.
7 p.m. Ethical: "Oldham Wakes—a Study in Thrift," by Mr. B. Bosanquet.
MONDAY, March 2, 4.30 p.m. Victoria Institute: a Paper by Dr. Guppy.
5 p.m. Royal Institution: General Monthly Meeting.
8 p.m. Royal Academy: "The Art of Asia Minor," I., by Mr. A. S. Murray.
8 p.m. Royal Institution of British Architects.
8 p.m. Society of Arts: Cantor Lecture, "The Chemistry of Metals and Alloys employed for Building and Decorative Purposes," III., by Prof. J. M. Thomson.
8 p.m. Aristotelian: Symposium, "In what sense, if any, is it true that Psychological States are extended?" by Mr. G. F. Stout, Mrs. Sophie Bryant, and Mr. J. H. Muirhead.
TUESDAY, March 3, 3 p.m. Royal Institution: "The External Covering of Plants and Animals," VIII., by Prof. C. Stewart.
3 p.m. Anglo-Russian: "A Passage in the Life of a Siberian Peasant," by Mr. W. F. Kirby.
5 p.m. Imperial Institute: "My Twelve Years' Stay in Cyprus," I., by Dr. Onhefalsch-Richter.
8 p.m. Biblical Archaeology: "Assyriological Gleanings," by Mr. Theo. G. Pinches.

8 p.m. Civil Engineers: "Littoral Drift in Relation to River Outfalls and Harbour Entrances," by Mr. W. H. Wheeler.

8 p.m. Society of Arts: "The Commercial Prospects of English East Africa and British Central Africa," by Mr. G. Scott Elliot.

8.30 p.m. Zoological: "Remarks on the Divergences between the 'Rules for Naming Animals' of the German Zoological Society and the Stricklandian Code of Nomenclature," by Mr. P. L. Slater; "The Ornithological Researches of M. Jean Kalinowski in Central Peru," by Graf Hans v. Berlepsch and J. Stolzmann; "West-Indian Terrestrial Isopod Crustaceans," by M. Adrian Dollfus; "The Discovery of Remains of the Norway Lemming (*Myodes lemmings*) in South Portugal," by Mr. G. E. H. Barrett-Hamilton.

WEDNESDAY, March 4, 4 p.m. Archaeological Institute: "Feathers and Plumes," by Viscount Dillon; "The Possible Arabian Origin of Gothic Characters," by Mr. Henry H. S. Cunyngame.

4 p.m. National Indian Association: "Kathiawar and its People," by Mr. M. A. Turkhud.

8 p.m. Society of Arts: "Röntgen's Photography of the Invisible," by Mr. A. A. Campbell Swinton.
8 p.m. Elizabethan: "An Elizabethan Bookseller," by Mr. Sidney Lee.

THURSDAY, March 5, 3 p.m. Royal Institution: "Masters of Modern Thought," I., by the Rev. Dr. W. Barry.

8 p.m. Royal Academy: "The Art of Asia Minor," II., by Mr. A. S. Murray.

8 p.m. Linnean: "Segmentally disposed Thoracic Glands in the Larvae of Trichoptera," by Prof. Gustav Gilson.

8 p.m. Chemical: "The Explosion of Cyanogen," by Messrs. H. B. Dixon, E. Graham, and E. H. Strange; "The Mode of Burning of Carbon," by Mr. H. B. Dixon; "The Detonation of Chlorine Peroxide," by Messrs. H. B. Dixon and J. A. Harker; "The Constitution of a New Acid resulting from the Oxidation of Tartaric Acid," by Mr. H. J. H. Fenton.

8.30 p.m. Antiquaries.
FRIDAY, March 6, 8 p.m. Philological: "Semi-Vowels, or Border-Sounds of Consonants and Vowels," by Mr. J. H. Staples.

8 p.m. Geologists' Association: "Pebbly Gravel, from Goring Gap to the Norfolk Coast," by Mr. A. E. Salter; "Some Pleistocene Ostracoda from Fulham," by Mr. Frederick Chapman.

9 p.m. Royal Institution: "The Tunnel under the Thames at Blackwall," by Mr. A. R. Binnie.

SATURDAY, March 7, 3 p.m. Royal Institution: "Light," III., by Lord Rayleigh.

SCIENCE.

ZOOLOGICAL NOMENCLATURE.

At the meeting of the Zoological Society, to be held on Tuesday next, Mr. P. L. Slater, the secretary, will introduce a discussion on Zoological Nomenclature, with some remarks on the divergencies between the rules for the scientific naming of animals, compiled by the German Zoological Society, and the Stricklandian code of nomenclature. The following is the text of the German rules:

"A.—GENERAL RULES.

"1. Zoological nomenclature includes extinct as well as recent animals, but has no relation to botanical names.

"2. Only such scientific names can be accepted as are published in print, in connexion with a clear description either by words or figures.

"3. Scientific names must be in Latin.

"4. Names of the same origin and only differing from each other in the way they are written are to be considered identical.

"5. Alterations in names otherwise valid are only permitted in accordance with the requirements of sections 13 and 22, and further for the purpose of purely orthographical correction when the word is without doubt wrongly written or incorrectly transcribed. Such alterations do not affect the authorship of the name.

"6. Of the various permissible names for the same conception only the one first published is valid (Law of Priority).

"7. The application of the Law of Priority begins with the tenth edition of Linneus's *Systema Naturae* (1758).

"8. When by subsequent authors a systematic conception is extended or reduced, the original name is nevertheless to be regarded as permissible.

"9. The author of a scientific name is he who has first proposed it in a permissible form. If the author's name is not known, the title of the publication must take its place.

"10. If the name of the author is given, it should follow the scientific name without intervening sign. In all cases in which a second author's name is used, a comma should be placed before it.

"11. Class (*classis*), Order (*ordo*), Family (*familia*), Genus (*genus*), and Species (*species*) are conceptions descending in rank one after the other, and are to be taken in the order here given. These terms should not be employed in a contrary or capricious relation or order.

"B.—RULES FOR DESIGNATING SPECIES.

"12. Every species should be designated by one generic and one specific name (Binary Nomenclature).

"13. The specific name, which should be treated always as one word, should depend grammatically upon the generic name.

"14. The same specific name can only be used once in the same genus.

"15. In the case of a species being subdivided, the original name is to be retained for the species which contains the form originally described. In doubtful cases the decision of the author who makes the separation shall be followed.

"16. When various names are proposed for the same species nearly at the same date, so that the priority cannot be ascertained, the decision of the first author that points out the synonymy should be followed.

"17. In the case of species with a cycle of generation of different forms, the specific term must be taken from an adult form capable of reproduction. In these cases, as also in species in which polymorphism occurs, the Law of Priority must be observed.

"18. The author of the specific name is the author of the species.

"19. The author's name should be placed in brackets when the original generic name is replaced by another.

"20. Hybrids should be designated either by a horizontal cross between the parents' names, or by these names being placed one above the other with a line between. The parents' sexes should be stated, when known. The name of the describer of the hybrid should be added, preceded by a comma.

"C.—RULES FOR THE NAMES OF SUBSPECIES AND OTHER DIVERGENCES FROM TYPICAL SPECIES OR SUBSPECIES.

"21. When constant local forms, varieties, strains, &c., require special names, these names should be placed after the specific name. The rules for such names are the same as those for specific names.

"D.—RULES FOR GENERIC NAMES.

"22. Names of genera should be substantives, and of the singular number. They should be one word, and be written with a large initial letter. If a subgenus is used, its name (which follows the same rules as a generic name) should be given in brackets after the generic name.

"23. A generic name is only valid when a known or a sufficiently characterised species (or several species) is referred to it, or when a sufficient diagnosis of it is given.

"24. The same generic name can only be employed once in zoology. Nor can names already proposed as subgeneric be employed also as generic names in another sense.

"25. When several generic names are proposed for a genus at nearly the same date, so that their priority cannot be settled, the name for which a type-species is given is to be preferred. In all uncertain cases the decision of the author who first arranges the synonymy is to be followed.

"26. When a genus is separated into several genera, the old name must be retained for the type-species. If this cannot be positively ascertained, the author who splits up the genus must select one of the species originally in the genus as the type. When a subgenus is raised to generic rank, the subgeneric name becomes the generic name.

"E.—RULES FOR THE NAMES OF THE HIGHER SYSTEMATIC GROUPS.

"27. Names for higher systematic groups of animals must have a plural termination.

"28. Names of families and subfamilies must henceforth be taken from the name of one of the genera belonging to the group, and formed from the stem of that name, with the addition of *idae* (plural of *-ides* [Gr. *-ειδης*], masc.) for the families and *inae* (fem.) for the subfamilies.

The principal points in which these rules conflict with the Stricklandian code are three in number, namely:

1. The German rules (sect. 1) disclaim any relation to botany, so that, according to them, the same generic names may be used in zoology and botany. This is contrary to the Stricklandian code (sect. 10).

2. Undersect. 5 of the German rules the same term is to be used for the generic and specific name of a species, if these names have priority. This is contrary to the Stricklandian code (sect. 13).

3. The German rules (sect. 7) adopt the 10th edition of the *Systema Naturae* (1758) as the starting-point of zoological nomenclature, whereas the Stricklandian code (sect. 2) adopts the 12th (1766).—P. L. S.

CORRESPONDENCE.

"THE RESTORED PRONUNCIATION OF GREEK."

Liverpool: Jan. 30, 1896.

In addition to the comments already offered (ACADEMY, January 11), the proposals of the Welsh professors need criticism also in respect to accentuation. They say that

"we should certainly make our pronunciation more, not less, remote from that of the Greeks themselves, if we gave to their accented syllables the same stress as we do to the accented syllables in English";

and that

"perhaps the most practical reform would be to pronounce Greek words with an even degree of stress on all syllables."

Both of these propositions I venture to deny. It is indisputable that the ancient accents were musical, and signified acute tone, grave tone, and the succession of acute and grave respectively, in the notation which has been handed down to us. Must we continue to ignore that notation? Attempts have been made to show that ancient Greek possessed a stress accent which did not necessarily fall upon the same syllable as the tonic accent. But while this may be admitted to be theoretically possible, it is noteworthy that the two investigators who have tried to locate this stress have arrived at quite discordant conclusions; and the fact remains that the old tonic accent was gradually transformed into a stress accent, which is found to-day on exactly the same syllables where the tonic accent formerly fell, while the supposed independent ancient stress accent has vanished into thin air. The safest conclusions seem to be: (1) that the syllables of a Greek word were uttered each distinctly, but not with perfectly even stress; (2) that a slight stress tended to accompany the tonic accent. I say "tended to accompany," because it would doubtless happen in such a case, as it actually does in French, that the rhetorical or sentence stress would often overmaster the weak accentuation of the words and occasionally reverse it. I should therefore advocate the observance of the Greek acute and circumflex accents in the first instance as stress. If the student is compelled at the same time to bring out the vowel quality of every syllable distinctly, that in itself will modify the native violence of English stress. He must also be restrained from lengthening the stressed vowels of open syllables, if short. At some later stage he might be taught to give to these stressed syllables a raised musical pitch. This is not such a difficult thing as it may seem. It is commonly assumed that in English the musical pitch of discourse is purely rhetorical and has absolutely nothing to do with word-accent. But this is not strictly true. If the intonation of any long sentence be noted down, it will be found that all the chief word-accent falls upon maxima or minima of pitch. We always, except in purposed

monotone, give musical distinction to the accented syllable; and in Greek we need only learn to make this distinction always by raising and never by lowering the tone. Whether it would be worth while to restore the compound rising and falling tone to the circumflex, may be doubted; but it would be a real gain to have the accents observed, even as weak stress. I differ from the Welsh professors in thinking that we should then be many steps nearer to, not further from, the true ancient language. It would at any rate be much less horrible to hear Greek pronounced thus, than to hear intelligent men reading out the masterpieces of human speech in monotone and without accent, with something less than the charm of a curate saying prayers or of a National school declaiming the Catechism. One would like to hear a play of Aristophanes "restored" on the stage in this manner and then to kill the stage-manager.

The sounds of the Greek language, including breathings and diphthongs, are about forty. About half of these need no reformation; about half of the remainder can be restored with some certainty; but there are about a dozen sounds as to which the most instructed opinion is divided, either as to the facts or as to the appropriate measure of reform. In saying this I do not class as instructed opinion that of those who would impose modern, or relatively modern, Greek pronunciations upon us wholesale. Let us both work back from the more modern pronunciations and forward from those of Aryan and post-Aryan antiquity; let us weigh the various spellings of the monuments, and the transcriptions of Greek words into the Latin alphabet and into the Kypriote syllabary—even then it will appear that there is much room for difference of opinion as to classical pronunciation, a difference which can be only reduced by further study and exploration of the original sources. This will appear clearly when the evidence respecting each several symbol is gone into. So far are we still from being able, as alleged, "to reproduce with certainty the sounds actually heard at Athens in the fifth century B.C."

It is very remarkable that the evidence for the critical period 500-300 B.C. is perhaps more slippery than that for any other age. It would be palpably easier to determine the pronunciation of Constantinople in A.D. 1000, or of Alexandria in A.D. 100, or even that of Homer, than that of Athens in the period of its greatness. I strongly suspect that that period was one of transition in pronunciation as well as in other things. Pronunciation is always tending to change more or less; but the historical study of phonetics has revealed immense differences in the pace of change. The causes of these differences are difficult to trace; but it seems to be established that a great and busy city, uncontrolled by the linguistic inertia of a country population, or of other cities speaking the same language, will change its pronunciation at an abnormally rapid rate. There was ample time in six generations of human lives for much to happen in the way of phonetic change, and that without attracting much, if any, attention from those immediately concerned.

The preceding part of this letter was already in type when the reply of Profs. Conway and Arnold to my former letter appeared in the ACADEMY of February 15. I rejoice to learn that there is some prospect of a reissue of their pamphlet, in which full attention will be given to criticisms received. No one would be more disappointed than I if they desisted from working towards this reform. They complain of the "exaggerated" nature of my attack; but the whole scheme was put forward with such an air of practical finality that the necessity of forcible remonstrance was self-evident. I understand that it has actually begun to be put

in force in the colleges. This seems to me to be quite premature. My chief points against the pamphlet are: (1) that there are several errors in the "phonetic explanations"; (2) that authoritative decisions are given respecting pronunciations which are really still *sub judice*. The errors in phonetics are admitted; and the question whether I rightly called them "serious" need not detain us. They were certainly avoidable. As to the other branch of the accusation, I fear that space compels postponement to a further letter, in which I shall not forget to meet the professors' challenge respecting ϵ and η .

R. J. LLOYD.

A CONJECTURE IN OVID'S *HEROIDES*, IX. 93.

St. Paul's School: Feb. 22, 1896.

"Quaque redundabat fecundo vulnere serpens
Fertilis, et damnis dives ab ipsa suis."

It is most rash to attempt to improve on any suggestion made by Prof. Palmer, but (whether I have been anticipated or no, I cannot say) I cannot help thinking that "repullabat" would approach more nearly to P's apparent reading, "redulabat," and at the same time make even better sense than "rebellabat."

"Pullo" is used by Calpurnius; and, though "repullo" does not occur, "repullulasco," "repullulesco," and "repullulo" are given in the dictionaries.

An extremely parallel passage is quoted by Facciolati (*s.v.* "pullulasco") from Prudentius (Prudent. in Romano, $\kappa\epsilon\lambda\sigma\tau\epsilon\phi$. ult. v. 882), who asks, referring to the Hydra:

"Utrum renatis pullulescat artubus."

The *re* of "renatis," plus the "pullulescat," almost suggests a reminiscence; and the next line, "Ac se imminuti corporis damnis novum Instaurat," can hardly owe its similarity to accident.

Virgil's (Aen. vii. 329) "Tam saevae facies, tot pullulat atra colubris," which is also quoted by Facciolati, is hardly less to the point.

R. J. WALKER.

SCIENCE NOTES.

THE gold medal of the Royal Astronomical Society has been awarded to Dr. S. C. Chandler for his many astronomical observations, and especially for his work in connexion with the variations of latitude.

THE Easter excursion of the Geologists' Association will be to the Dorsetshire coast, in the neighbourhood of Swanage, under the direction of Mr. W. H. Hudleston.

THE evening discourse at the Royal Institution next Friday will be delivered by Mr. A. R. Binnie, chief engineer to the London County Council, on "The Tunnel under the Thames at Blackwall."

AT a meeting of the Society of Arts on Wednesday next, with Prof. Dewar in the chair, Mr. Campbell Swinton will read a paper on "Röntgen's Photography of the Invisible."

PHILOLOGY NOTES.

AT the monthly meeting of the Philological Society, to be held at University College on Friday next, Mr. J. H. Staples will read a paper on "Semi-Vowels, or Border-sounds of Consonants and Vowels, as exemplified in some of the Romance and Germanic Languages, in English and Gaelic."

AT the meeting of the Royal Archaeological Institute, on Wednesday next, Mr. Henry H. S. Cunyngame will read a paper on "The Possible Arabian Origin of Gothic Characters, derived from an Examination of the Methods of Writing used by the Arabs."

REPORTS OF SOCIETIES.

CLIFTON SHAKSPEARE SOCIETY.—(Saturday,
January 25.)

ARTHUR S. WAY, Esq., president, in the chair.—In a paper on "The Genesis of the 'Merry Wives of Windsor,'" Mr. Way said, in reference to the tradition, that Elizabeth bespoke from Shakspeare a drama of "Falstaff in Love," that we cannot expect to find documentary evidence among state papers or records of the Lord Chamberlain. But the pedigree, so to call it, of the tradition is as good as that of most items of personal interest about distinguished men. The farthest link in the story is the actor Betterton, who was born in 1635, less than twenty years after Shakspeare's death, and who therefore might have heard it from the poet's contemporaries. Rowe, in his *Life of Shakspeare*, published in 1709, quotes it on Betterton's authority. Dennis had previously given it, presumably from the same source, in 1702, in the preface to "The Comical Gallant," a comedy founded on the "Merry Wives of Windsor." Gildon, who was Betterton's friend and biographer, repeated it in 1710; and Pope, Theobald, and other early editors accepted it without question. Moreover, there is nothing antecedently improbable in the story. Shakspeare, like other playwrights of his time, must often have written to order; and there would be for a dramatist in those days (bearing in mind the social and we may say the statutory position of the class) something very flattering, something inspiring, in the command of a queen to write a comedy for her delectation. We know also that the Queen, who believed herself to have a very pretty literary taste, and who could talk Euphuism with the best of her courtiers, was not chary of suggestion on occasion. Hartley Coleridge's view—"that Queen Bees should have desired to see Falstaff making love proves her to have been, as she was, a gross-minded old baggage"—is by no means an inevitable inference. We are not compelled to suppose that she indicated to the slightest extent the course of treatment of the theme, or that she wanted to see what figure Falstaff would cut as a courtier engaged in a too common occupation of the courtiers of the day. That Elizabeth did not see the impossibility of making Falstaff really in love, is only to say that she had not the artistic literary sense, which proposition is expressed with unnecessary brutality by Dowden when he says: "The *Merry Wives of Windsor*" is a play written expressly for the 'barbarian' aristocracy, with their hatred of ideas, their insensibility to beauty, their hard efficient manners, and their demand for impropriety"—a description which might better apply to the aristocracy of the days of the Georges than to the bright wits who surrounded Elizabeth. Shakspeare can hardly have so regarded them when he made Prince Hal so nearly a match for Falstaff in some of their wit-combats. There is also nothing improbable in that feature of the legend which defines the time of the play's composition as fourteen days. The first cast of the comedy, as printed in the first Quarto, was only 1410 lines. We do not find our present version of over 3000 lines till the Folio of 1623. That Shakspeare could not have composed at the average rate of 100 lines per day is preposterous. The real difficulty of producing such a play at short notice lay not so much in the mere amount of work involved, as in the new conception, which the poet saw to be inevitable, of a character which had already taken a certain shape in his mind. He found himself under the necessity of recasting his Falstaff. He could not, and would not do this so as to make an impossible Falstaff—since he must call this new creation "Falstaff." But he did, in order to make him possible, divest him of much of his wit, of his ready presence of mind, of his incomparable art of simultaneously warding and returning the shrewdest thrusts of an antagonist. The old wit, indeed, scintillates here and there, and the old humour flashes out in a situation which is the severest test of a man's sense of humour—when the laugh is against himself, as in his account to Ford of the buck-basket episode. There was enough of Falstaff left to pass muster; and the make-up and acting of the actor would do the rest. Dowden, as usual, a little overstates the case when he puts it thus: "He dressed up a fat rogue brought forward for the occasion, from the back

premises of the poet's imagination, in Falstaff's clothes; he allowed persons and places and times to jumble themselves up as they pleased; he made it impossible for the most barbarous nineteenth century critic to patch on the 'Merry Wives' to 'King Henry IV.' But the Queen and her court laughed as the buck-basket was emptied into the ditch, no more suspecting that its gross lading was not the incomparable jester of Eastcheap than Ford suspected the woman with a great beard to be other than the veritable Dame Pratt." Now this view really makes the problem as to the position in Falstaff's life of the events of the play absolutely unimportant. No doubt, if we must find a place for the "Merry Wives of Windsor" in a connected and consistent biography of Sir John. Verplanck's hypothesis (*Illustrated Shakspeare*, 1847), quoted by Rolfe in his edition of the play, that it must come before the Histories is the correct one. But it is noteworthy that Shakspeare does not, by any single allusion (unless we accept the very vague and general one in IV. v. 83-88), connect Falstaff with the life and surroundings of the Henries. He, with his hangers-on, is lifted bodily up and transported like a Sinbad to an enchanted valley. But Prince Hal, Poins, the Chief Justice, the wars, Falstaff's military reputation, are as though they had never been. It is as if the poet had meant to say, "This is Falstaff—for those to whom he is Falstaff." Yet, even so, not quite all has been said. There may be a subtle holding up to nature in this new presentation of Falstaff in new surroundings. It is no uncommon thing to find that a man who has a reputation as a wit or as a brilliant talker in congenial society becomes, when dropped among dull, commonplace, matter-of-fact people, tongue-tied. He seems to be paralyzed by his surroundings. The steel cannot strike fire on clay. And so when Falstaff came in contact with plain, homespun folk, in whose talk there is nothing provocative to his wit, he is an Antaeus whose feet are for the time lifted off the earth. He needs the bright ring of Prince Hal's tongue, the music of his laugh, the glitter of word-play, to bring out the Falstaff of Eastcheap, the flame round which the princely moth cannot choose but hover.—Miss Katharine G. Blake, in a paper on "Character in the 'Merry Wives of Windsor,'" said that the play is brimful of absurdity. No trace of the sadness or pathos of life shadows its veratility or solemnises its mood. Fun rides rampant throughout with no check to his bridle. For though jealousy raises its head, it is of so groundless a nature and so harmless in its results that it never silences the ripple of laughter which flows around the doings of the "merry wives." If in "Othello" jealousy mounts to its height of tragic terror, here it tricks itself in comic garb and turns our laughter from Falstaff's woes to good Master Ford's. The play has two themes, a major and a minor; with true artistic power, the threads are woven together, and the crisis of the fat knight's discomfiture is the opportunity for the happy loves of "Sweet Anne Page" and her favoured lover. Hopeless scoundrel as Falstaff here appears, his rascality never raises our anger nor stirs our scorn. Is it his unflinching good temper under ridicule and failure which makes us like the old rogue? Good-temper seasoned with wit is so lovable. Then, too, he is a warm-hearted old rascal. We recall his words when Prince Hal had made sport of him: "The rogue hath given me medicine to make me love him." Masters Page and Ford are well distinguished. Page is cheerfully ready to stake all on his wife's honour. Ford's temper is of a decidedly jealous nature; where jealousy is unfounded, it is, perhaps, a sign of weakness of character. Ford's irritable weakness makes us enjoy his discomfiture little less than that of the knight. The scene between Anne Page and Fenton shows that true love is always humble. Slender's muddle-headed condition is well portrayed. Talent is shown in delineating noble character; but genius is needed to invent a fool who shall be true to nature, and who shall not bore but delight us by his folly. This is work such as we find in Miss Austen's writings, and in this power she has been compared to Shakspeare. Compare her Mr. Woodhouse, Mrs. Bennett, Mr. Collins, and Miss Bates; each is the perfection of folly. The first, the hypochondriac taking his

walk in the sun, or offering "half a glass of wine" or a "small egg" at supper to a hungry guest; then the shallow, worldly mother with her transparent plans for settling her daughters, and her ridiculous assertion that there is quite as much change in character to observe in the country as in town; Mr. Collins, with pompous folly making the irresistible offer of his hand; and Miss Bates, with her garrulity, her simplicity, her too overflowing gratitude—who does not know and love her!—Mr. Way read a paper written by a member of the Melbourne Shakspeare Society, in which it was said that the plot of the play of the "Merry Wives of Windsor" contains all the stock characters of the erotic writers of the French, Spanish, and Italian schools. But Shakspeare's edition of the fascinating seductive creature of romance is an amorous knight, well stricken in years, sensual in body, swinish in habit, bestial in mind, a greasy, leering old satyr. Shakspeare's women differ no less than the lover from the romantic type. The minor plot of the play depicts a story of pure and honest love. Shakspeare has given us a comedy as interesting and amusing as his Italian models; but he has from the materials extracted good where they found evil, he has treated in an absolutely inoffensive manner the incidents in which they sensuously wallow. Instead of an atmosphere of guilt and suspicion we find refreshing purity of thought, purity of motive, purity of action. A wholesome open-air character pervades the play and carries away, in a few seconds, even the rank odour of the old sinner's greasy lust. Shakspeare, with the uncleanest of models and in a play which, lacking literary merits, might have seemed to require some adventitious bolstering, has almost entirely eschewed coarseness. He makes vice, not virtue, ridiculous; makes sin hideous and the sinner contemptible; there is no pandering to vicious tastes, no glorification of successful villainy, no suggestive tampering with the Seventh Commandment; the lessons inculcated are wholesome, and the tendency of the play is to make us better men, better Christians.—Mr. L. M. Griffiths called attention to the question of incorrect costume so often adopted by actors in Shakspeare's plays, and showed in the Boydell Collection the pictures illustrating the "Merry Wives," which, though admirable examples of the engraver's art, do not in all cases represent the dress of the people in the play, which would be more like that given in the illustrations in the Ellesmere MS. of the *Canterbury Tales*.

FINE ART.

The Art of Velasquez. By R. A. M. Stevenson. (Bell.)

By the very title of his finely printed and admirably illustrated book, Mr. Stevenson informs the world of the precise extent of its intended limitations. The volume is the essay of a critic, not the task of a biographer. Curtis and Sir Stirling Maxwell and Justi—who, above all others, has been elaborate and detailed in his treatment of the one very great master whom the Art of Spain has produced—find no rival in the work of a writer who has neither ignored nor has especially profited by their voluminous pages. The book of Mr. Stevenson is the record of a visit and an impression; it scarcely aims to be more, except that it adds to the interest naturally arising from the comments of the capable on a particular master that interest, which a thoughtful writer can scarcely suffer his work to go without—the interest, that is, of comparison, and more especially the interest which comes of the often incidental, but none the less useful, elucidation of the things that appear to him as the very principles of art. This then—and excluding all biography and many a dry-as-dust and merely specialist question

as to the rightful attribution of work whose very doubtfulness must show it to be at best but second-rate—this is the real range of Mr. Stevenson's treatise.

Having, now, however imperfectly, defined the intention, I may pass, I suppose, to the further question of the execution, and may declare at once that it possesses the best qualities of Mr. Stevenson's writing. In a notice brief even as the present one—and addressed much more to the consideration of the claims of a particular writer than to the long-admitted claims of a great painter, still ever increasing in fame in the estimation of the wise—some attempt must be made to define what are indeed these "best qualities" of the writing of a critic known well to the higher journalism and in the art reviews, but who, if I mistake not, presents us in the instance before me with the very first of his books. From each of the opposite poles of contemporary criticism Mr. Stevenson is far removed; for, if certainly he does not approach the discussion of an artistic theme from the point of view of a sentimental imagination acceptable only when we could romance about art, and quite out of the fashion now that our grasp of it is firmer, neither does he now, or is he ever wont to, approach his subject as one to whom the qualifications of a trustworthy dealer—actual knowledge, or, failing that, cocksureness about facts—appear of greater value than the quality of aesthetic appreciation, subtle discrimination of merits as much intellectual as technical, and the power of delicate or vivid exposition of whatever artistic personality may chance to be under notice. Needless to say that both these points of view, whatever may be said in their disparagement, have their merits. Yet Mr. Stevenson's point of view is another one. He addresses us to some extent as a painter; but a painter in whom we find that rare being, one whose sympathies are not narrowed to a single school—who, indeed, has some prepossessions begot of training perhaps, more than of instinct, but who in the main is tolerant and many-sided, as if a studio, with all its cramping influences, had never known him. Moreover, along with that general appreciation which betokens a much wider mind than is discovered generally in those few gentlemen of the brush who elect to discourse to us as well as to practise, Mr. Stevenson has that outlook upon life, that intelligent grasp upon a thousand facts of it, which belongs, or should belong, to thinker or writer, but which we can scarcely ask shall be the characteristic of the dweller in studios, the practitioner, after all, of a craft in which there is much that is mechanical. And, in regard to his command of literary expression, rarely indeed do we find Mr. Stevenson deficient within the lines in which he has purposely set himself to move. Conceiving with clearness, feeling often with enthusiasm, he drives his matter home to us with directness and force. We do not always agree with him; we seldom fail to be interested in him. And where he is most emphatic he does not cease to be reasonable. One puts down his *Velasquez* then, having received a stimulus that is not common: one trusts

that in fulness of time the book may prove to have been but the first of a succession of such monographs, presented by one who is enough of a craftsman to be able to know, but—thank goodness!—so much of a writer that he can forget altogether that he is a craftsman at all.

FREDERICK WEDMORE.

NOTES ON ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY.

It has already been decided that the next winter exhibition at Burlington House shall consist in great part, if not entirely, of works by the late president, Lord Leighton.

THE following exhibitions will open next week: (1) a collection of pictures and drawings of Balmoral, Deeside, and the Highlands, by Mr. J. Clayton Adams and Mr. E. Wake Cook, at the Fine Art Society's; (2) one hundred paintings of Brittany and the Norfolk Broads, by Mr. W. J. Laidlay, at the Dowdeswell Galleries—both in New Bond-street; (3) etchings, drawings, and sketches, by Mr. William Strang, at the Rembrandt Head Gallery, in Vigo-street; and (4) facsimile reproductions in colour of old masters, at Messrs. Fairburn & Co.'s, in Regent-street.

THERE will also be opened next week the eighteenth spring exhibition of pictures at the Atkinson Art Gallery of the Southport Corporation.

THE usual two private views at the Royal Institute are fixed for Thursday and Friday next.

IN addition to certain of the pictures from the collection of Sir George Clerk—from Penicuik House, Midlothian—there are to be sold to-day (Saturday), at Christie's, certain pictures of the older English school, "the property of a gentleman." It is perhaps an open secret that this gentleman, whose properties begin with lot 135, is the possessor of English work of the finest and most interesting quality. There is, to begin with, an important family portrait group by that highly esteemed portrait-painter, J. Jackson, R.A. It was his last work; it was left by him not wholly finished, and was found worthy of exhibition at the collection of Old Masters at Burlington House in 1895. Then again, there is a whole group of the admirable animal pieces and other compositions and studies of that most sterling master, James Ward, R.A., who, though he worked quite early in the century, died only at the beginning of our own generation—a veteran indeed, and most full of years. At least four of the examples of his art to fall under the hammer to-day are of rare quality. They are: first, his own portrait, then the admirable "Old Horse in the Wind," and the study of a Boar's Head, and the small but significant panel "A Cow in a Stall."

ON Monday and Thursday of next week, Mr. A. S. Murray will deliver two lectures at the Royal Academy on "The Art of Asia Minor."

AT a meeting of the Society of Biblical Archaeology next Tuesday, Mr. Theo. G. Pinches, of the British Museum, will read a paper entitled "Assyriological Gleanings."

IN his lecture on "The Decoration of St. Paul's," delivered before the London Institution last week, Prof. W. B. Richmond stated that there had now been completed nearly 10,000 square feet of mosaic, exclusive of the gilding and painting of the barrel vaulting, of the design upon the stone work, and exclusive also of the windows. This included a figure of The Majesty in the centre of the apse, on either side two groups of Recording Angels; two panels of the Sea giving up its Dead; six

panels of Virtues; the Sacrifice of Noah after the Flood, the meeting of Abram and Melchizedek; the creation of the birds, the creation of the fishes, the creation of the beasts; twelve herald-angels proclaiming the prophecies from chapter ix. of Isaiah concerning the coming of Christ; colossal figures of Sibyls, the Persian and the Greek; similar figures of David and Solomon, of Alexander and Cyrus, of two of the builders of the Temple, of Moses receiving the Law on Mount Sinai, of Job and his friends, of Jacob's Ladder, and of Abraham outside his tent, when visited by the angels promising him a son; three windows in the apse, and six clerestory windows representing angels singing in Paradise; and allegorical figures of Adam and Eve marrying the beasts. There had also been completed panels of peacocks, panels of fish, and panels of beasts, as well as panels of arabesque designs representing various Oriental flowers and fruits. The whole of the vaulting down to the main cornice of the choir would be completed by Easter; and there would then remain six spandrels to be finished, which would be accomplished before Easter of next year.

THE STAGE.

THE THÉÂTRE FRANÇAISE.

Paris: Feb. 15, 1896.

"GROSSE FORTUNE," M. Meilhac's new comedy in four acts, has the good luck to be played by the leading "sociétaires" of the Comédie-Française, with the additional attraction of the most exquisite *toilettes*. The plot and the characters are, perhaps, not particularly new; the dialogue, though elegantly written, may be thought somewhat wanting in the wit and traits of satire we expect from the author of "La Petite Marquise" and "Gotté." But these slight defects may be explained to a certain extent by the following anecdote, which is attributed to an influential member of the Comité de Lecture:

"Il y avait beaucoup de mots spirituels dans la pièce de Meilhac; mais comme notre public n'y aurait rien compris, on les a tous enlevés."

This may have been intended merely as a malicious skit at the "abonnés du mardi." However that may be, "Grosse Fortune" is a pretty, interesting comedy *à la Scribe*.

The story may be told in a few lines. Pierre (M. Le Bargy), a very good and nice young man, has come, quite unexpectedly, into a large fortune on the eve of his marriage with Marcelle (Mme. Bartet). During the first two years of their married life the young couple revel in all the pleasures of society. But, as the old saying goes, "L'argent ne fait pas le bonheur." Pierre gets tired of his pretty wife, and, according to the traditional custom of French *ménages*, makes love to his wife's best friend, Georgette (Mlle. Brandès), the intriguing wife of the unscrupulous adventurer, M. de Marasly (M. Duflos). The guilty pair are discovered by Marcelle, who forthwith abandons her home and rushes off to her mother, who is delightfully personified by Mme. Pierson. Georgette soon throws Pierre overboard in favour of richer prey, so the prodigal comes back in the fourth act to obtain his wife's pardon, which leads to a very pathetic scene played to perfection by M. Le Bargy and Mmes. Pierson and Bartet. Thus this "moral play" comes to a pleasant termination amid the plaudits of a delighted audience.

The second act is enlivened by the appearance of M. Coquelin Cadet, attired as a gentleman-rider in pink jacket and sleeves, who proceeds to explain, amid roars of laughter, how he has won a race "malgré lui." Then comes the *clou* of the new piece, the effulgent apparition of Mlle. Brandès as Judith, a part

she is to act in a *tableau-vivant* in which Coquelin Cadet figures as Holofernes. These two sensational "numbers" will probably contribute in no small measure to the success of the play. CECIL NICHOLSON.

STAGE NOTES.

WITHIN the last few days the part of the fashionable clergyman's daughter in "A Woman's Reason" which was originally played by Miss Maud Millett, and afterwards for a short time by a young lady whose performance, though meritorious, was described in last week's ACADEMY as by no means equal to Miss Millett's, has been assigned to a fresh representative—Miss Kate Cutler. Under these circumstances it is fair to Miss Cutler to state that the reference to the performance in the dramatic article in last Saturday's ACADEMY was not intended to apply to her. She had not, indeed, at the time of writing, been seen in the part. It behoves us to point out this circumstance all the more perhaps because a high opinion of the talent of Miss Cutler—as shown in that which she has hitherto played—has been expressed more than once in the ACADEMY—with cordiality, we trust.

MUSIC.

RECENT CONCERTS.

MR. MARK HAMBURG gave a third piano-forte recital at St. James's Hall on Tuesday afternoon. He played Rameau's Gavotte and Variations in A minor with great skill and expression, although there was at times an attempt, not altogether satisfactory, to modernise. Then followed a Fugue in A minor by Bach, neatly rendered. This Fugue is not one of the composer's greatest; but, at any rate, it was more welcome than one of the transcribed organ fugues which pianists are so fond of playing. The most important piece of the afternoon was Schubert's Fantaisie in C, and in its interpretation the pianist displayed many excellent qualities. He used the Liszt version, and in so doing acted, we think, unwisely. The king of pianists loved to touch up the piano-forte works of his illustrious predecessors: in this case he has made few alterations, but these can scarcely be accounted improvements. It is not difficult to distinguish between the true virtuoso music written by Schubert and the meretricious ornaments of Liszt's: the two styles do not blend. Mr. Hambourg gave two studies of Chopin: the one in E from the first set, and the one in C from the second. They were both effectively rendered. In the second some alterations in the text were made, and it seemed to us as if these, too, emanated from Liszt.

The old Latin hymn "Dies Irae" has been set to music by many composers, ancient and modern: among the latter, the foremost names are those of Berlioz, Gounod, and Dvorák. The "Messe des Morts" of Berlioz is remarkable for its daring realistic effects; and, to a certain extent, the Requiem of M. Bruneau, produced by the Bach Choir at the Queen's Hall on Tuesday evening, is allied to that of his predecessor. Berlioz crossed, at times, the borderline which in art separates the real from the ideal; but by his masterly orchestration, and by certain moments of genuine musical inspiration, his offences are condoned. M. Bruneau has also crossed the line, and for his sins he, too, makes amends. His orchestration, though now and again effective, can scarcely be called masterly; yet his work is conceived with wonderful breadth and nobility, and he has made earnest endeavour to heighten the effect of the solemn words. The boldness with

which the composer sets at defiance the ordinary laws of tonality and modulation; his apparent indifference to any harsh effects in part writing; his freedom of form—all these things render it difficult to pronounce judgment on the work. If adopted merely to give a false impression of originality, then they are deserving of censure. If, however, they are the natural outcome of the composer's originality of thought, the true expression of his feelings, they must not be submitted to cold analysis, must not be considered apart from their context, and must not be condemned straight away because they are strange or even unpleasant. The hard criticisms passed on some of the novel effects of Beethoven, Schumann, Wagner, and other composers of the past, should make one reflect carefully before passing sentence. To us it seems that the plan of the Requiem is nobly conceived, and that the music shows sustained thought; a cautious attitude with regard to its peculiarities appears, therefore, reasonable. There are sections of the work in which we find great effect produced by ordinary means, as in the "Quid sum miser et Rex tremendae majestatis"; there are others, as, for instance, the "Recordare," which display intense power and passion, free from any exaggeration; and again in the "Sanctus" there is lofty thought combined with great simplicity. And, further, never once does the composer descend to the commonplace. These are the portions of the work on which we base our high idea of its merits. If M. Bruneau had merely filled his score with lawless progressions, eccentricities of various kinds to hide his poverty of invention, then any simple passages introduced for the sake of contrast would at once have exposed his weakness. The power, however, which he reveals at such moments makes us accept on trust much to which we are not, at first blush, disposed to give ready acceptance. This Requiem, like the same composer's "Le Rêve," is almost sure to elicit various and even contradictory opinions, which seems to show that it is a work of no ordinary character. There are compositions which competent critics are able to accept or reject at a first hearing, but this is not one of such. Then, again, the performance, under the careful direction of Prof. Stanford, though in many ways commendable, was by no means an ideal one. The difficulties are very great, and every allowance must naturally be made for any shortcomings. Of the vocalists—Mme. Amy Sherwin, Miss Marian McKenzie, and Messrs. Lloyd and Robert Hilton—Mr. Lloyd carried off chief honours.

The second part of the programme consisted of Beethoven's Oratorio, "Christ in the Mount of Olives," and it ought certainly to have been given first. In the Requiem we have an ambitious composer working on new lines and trying to rise to the height of his argument; in the other we have, on the contrary, a great composer, apparently indifferent to the pathos and nobility of his theme, writing, with one or two exceptions, down to the level of his day and generation. Beethoven, we know, in later years, expressed dissatisfaction with this work. If it had been the only one by which he had become known to posterity, his claim to immortality would indeed have been a slender one. We do not blame the Bach Choir for giving the Oratorio; it serves to remind us that even the greatest composers sometimes nod. J. S. SHEDLOCK.

MUSIC NOTE.

A VERY instructive paper on "Pitch, and the History of its Rise and Fall," written by that excellent authority, Mr. A. J. Hipkins, was read by the secretary of the Society of Arts on Wednesday evening. Mr. Hipkins is strongly

in favour of adopting the French pitch, and believes that its universal recognition in this country is only a question of time. Mr. Curwen and others afterwards took part in an interesting discussion; and, while holding the same view, pointed out some of the practical difficulties which for the present stand in the way of its immediate adoption. Sir A. Mackenzie was in the chair, and Mr. Hipkins, though unable to read his paper, was present.

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